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HE AFGHAN MISSION.

By

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PECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "STANDARD," AND THE "TIMES OF INDIA," WITH THE AFGHAN MISSION).

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"WE FEAR ONLY GOD"—A TURK SAYING.

I had originally intended to call my lecture "Badghis," as there is a Turkoman proverb that the soil of Badghis is golden. The country of Badghis is the land which was once Afghan and is now Russian, and alas that its golden stores will not come to us!

I propose to take you this evening on a rapid journey from Kurrachee to the mouth of the Bolan, up to Quetta, across the deserts of Seistan, up the fertile banks of the Helmund, over great alluvial depths only awaiting industrial life to quicken and give forth rich stores of food.

Our first adventure was in Rindli; after crossing the Desert a host of ants approached and vanquished us. They devoured all the starch in our books and maps. They were in such numbers that it was impossible to destroy them. The next march out of Rindli, the ants left in some mysterious way all that they had been preying on and not one was seen. The heat even in September, at the mouth of the Bolan, was very distressing. The hot blast from the desert—a withering heat—the air palpitating—bright particles of dust burning and dancing in the heated air. You will now meet Beluchees, the finest race on the British side of the frontier. The Beluchees are fine fellows. There is in the Afghans a tendency to excitement which the Northern

races call "Deewanagi" or madness, but which we call fanaticism, which makes them always an uncertain "Yuldash," or road companion to translate the Turk words. There is also a further difference—an Afghan, whether he be in Turkestan or in Arabia or in India, looks upon everything Afghan as good, and upon everything not Afghan as bad.

Afghans, wherever in the East they are collected, keep apart from other races. They have little tendency to assimilate with other races, and they generally detest every one else and every one else detests them.

The Beluchee, however, is not, as you will soon see, like the Turkoman, kind to horses, but, like the Afghan, merciless to animals who carry him.

At this time there was an opportunity of seeing a little of the confusion there would be in time of war. The transport up the Bolan Pass was blocked, or, as I was told, had broken down; great quantities of stores were collected because animals to carry them could not be found, and the alarming news was communicated to me by the transport agent that my order for camels could not be carried out. The agent was anxious to assist me, and he did me many friendly services, but the only hope he could give me was of finding a Beluch returning to Quetta who might carry us on his camels.

He was not hopeful, for he said all the men who had animals had fled lest they should be sent with the Afghan Mission through Afghanistan, and, said he, they believe the Mission will never return. How often did I hear this even in Quetta; the people said the Mission would never return.

I would now offer a little advice to those about to go on serious travelling.

If you travel for pleasure and alone, take nothing but what you can carry on your horse and on yourself; if you travel for work, take as much as you can take. It must not be forgotten that there is a great difference between travelling in a strange or an uncivilized country—as an individual-like a Dervish carrying his home with him and being free and as a member—the disciplined and rule-bound member of—say a commission travelling by order at the necessarily rapid rate which has to be followed by a number of men who have to pass a country with little water and little food.

There is nothing more dangerous than having tents with ingeniously devised poles to resist the crush of camels and not to overburden the animals, for it may safely be predicted that some portion of the ingenious structure will at some time in the confusion of departure be left behind, and it may also be predicted that any portion lost cannot be replaced. The traveller to a country where he must ride long distances must also be careful not to be separated from his saddles, for if he does, most surely will his soul be vexed.

It seemed to me that both Kurrachee and Quetta were places where a traveller could get nothing that he wanted, and everything that he did not want. Let not the traveller trust to them.

I saw here in Rindli Pathans riding horses with fearful sore backs, the skin dead, putrefying sores all under the saddle, the flesh rotten and bubbling in rottenness.

At last a Beluch with camels was found, and it was agreed he should take us within a certain time and march day or night.

There was one condition made by the owner of the camels—that I should heal him.

And here I may give advice to any one travelling with camels or pack animals—take no portmanteaux, for the rope will cut through all leather ; but have " saleetahs " or rope bags.

In travelling the loading of the animals is an ever fresh source of amusement and interest ; the animals crush against each other, accidents occur, animals break loose, the chase and hunt of loaded animals, generally ending with loads leaving the animals, the anger and the fury of the drivers at the rampant animals, and the fears of the traveller for his apparatus. It is unpleasant when one is eager to march on to have a camel which will not allow itself to be quietly mounted, and when mounted will not quietly rise or move—will attempt to rise as it cannot,—will attempt to jump up but to tumble down, to gallop and to circle, and if it falls into a water-course it has to be dug-out while it gurgles a sort of gurgling protest. Camels suffer much from a disease called " Zid " or obstinacy in a violent camel form. To sleep on a camel requires experience and confidence. Jassim, or, as he was known afterwards, Hajee Cassim—the Kurd, who was with me, used to stretch himself along the camel's back and go confidently to sleep.

It is wonderful how few accidents occur in sleeping on camels; few of those who fall off are hurt.

To one in good health "riding behind a Beluch "—who has the scars of more than one fight, and who will talk of his own and of other fights, "Beluch fights," for life—through a country in which many struggles between man and man take place, and where every point of vantage has a tale of strife, is a pleasant way of journeying. My guide, although he had taken a part in several fights, tribal and plundering, had singly fought only one battle for his life, in

which he had either to kill or to be killed ; a blood feud ; attacked suddenly by two enemies, he managed to kill one and the other fled, and he took the arms of the dead man as his spoil. He described in the simplest way the struggle. He said his enemies from behind a rock rushed on him and he cut through the neck of the first after he had himself received a wound, and he gave a gurgle, such as a dying animal—a sighing breath—as he described how his enemy fell dying.

One of the first questions asked me by my camel partner and guide was a question often asked afterwards—"When war was to be ?" I asked him what war, and he replied the war with the Russ. There is still a tradition of many British soldiers having been carried away by a flood in the Bolan.

During the night we saw the first moon of the month "Zil Hij," the month of pilgrimage, and it awakened pious thoughts amongst the little caravan.

To watch men praying at night in the light of the moon, humbling themselves to the eternal destinies, awakens serious thoughts. In a mountain gorge, beneath stupendous hills, cast into fearful shapes in the dimness of moonlight, it is a solemn spectacle to see men prostrating themselves. The gorge made by the Bolan is not so impressive as the Khyber or other Passes I have seen in Khorassan.

At each halt the camelmen insist on taking off the loads, for they say that keeping camels standing while loaded hurts them more than the longest march ; and that it is less tiring to move than to stand under a load ; and so say the Turkoman, and also so say the Arabs who treat the camel more kindly than any people. At any rate, the camel soon sickens in the care of people who treat the animal not as the races who travel and trade by the camel do. It is

interesting to hear the people in Central Asia, as elsewhere, telling of the vindictiveness of the camel, and there can be no doubt that many of the tales of vengeance wrought by the camel on cruel masters are true. There is a species called Sahlee which is notoriously vindictive. There was a great deal of interest at this time amongst the people in the attempts of "Sinjiman Saheb," the late Sir Robert Sandeman, to find "gas light" or petroleum. One Beluch said, "The earth will be as gold;" another said, "Our country will be taken from us, and we shall be slaves."

The country around the Quetta of that time was wet, and as I marched by the damp fields I understood why Quetta was unhealthy. The little streams and channels seemed to flow everywhere over the ground and to wet the green crops.

The dome-shaped dwellings are built to serve a useful purpose—to keep out the heat in the hot weather and to keep off the cold winds of winter. The thick walls of mud cool the burning rays of the sun and warm the cold air; it is curious how Afghans have found the form of building most easy of warmth. They must have acquired the knowledge from the more civilized Northern races as the Persians and the Turkoman. The Hammams are built on the same principle—to secure the greatest amount of heat retention. In the Khirga or Kibitka of the Turkoman we see the same form of house structure, giving the greatest amount of space and the greatest degree of warmth. The civilized instinct of the most barbarous of the people of Asia can be seen in the knowledge of living with comfort and ease which they display; whether in the hut or in the tent, they have a knowledge of

comfort and even of luxury which the European even of a richer class has not. The trouble also which they take to gratify their luxurious instincts would be wearisome to Europeans. I shall often have to refer to this in my studies of the people I have travelled amongst from India to the Caspian.

I was unwise, and had sent my baggage—the portion I most needed—on in front by many days before from Bombay ; wise men persuaded me that I should send on before me everything I did not want to carry. Most fortunately I did not act fully on the advice, but I acted sufficiently on it to place me in serious difficulties. I had sent on my saddles and warm clothing, and when I got to Quetta, I found I had no saddle to ride on and no warm clothing to wear ; and no person could tell me where they were ; the most reliable authority said that they were probably lying mixed with many Commissariat stores at Much and that I had no chance of either finding them or receiving them for months.

Let me give some advice on saddles.—For hard marching a saddle should be large, and this is still more necessary in a cold climate, where large quantities of warm clothing have to be carried on the saddle. A hunting saddle is of little use for long travelling in Central Asia ; the best saddle is, I think, the mounted infantry officer's—one of the pattern of saddles commonly used—having movable pads. It is large enough to sit comfortably in, and a large quantity of things can be hung on to it. For long and continuous marching the saddle ought to be such that the traveller can carry everything he wants during the march on it and on his horse. It must be remembered that travelling long distances in barren countries is different to long-distance marches in a populated region.

The shops seemed filled with goods which might be useful near Bombay, but which would be of no use to any one beyond our frontier. One would have thought that in this climate the articles in most requisition would have been articles to cover the feet and hands and to ride with. I could not at Baku afterwards help observing how much more simple and practical the Russians are. You could find in every shop in which clothes were sold warm gloves and good boots which you could not find in one shop in Quetta.

One provision shop in Quetta probably contained as much European tinned provisions as the largest establishments in Baku.

At Quetta the officials took a very gloomy view of my journey. "You can never overtake the Mission," said one; "They are in the desert," said another; "We cannot be responsible for your safety." However, notwithstanding these gloomy views, they did all they could to assist me, and off I marched late at night to overtake the Mission who had, I was told, disappeared in the desert. The neglected village walls and fortifications we passed by indicated the peace that had fallen on the country; everywhere I saw village walls broken and falling away.

Although continually encouraging the camel-drivers and urging the camels, we had only travelled eighteen miles in about ten hours, but during the next day and part of the night by great effort we marched thirty-one miles, and followed it up by continuously marching on to Nushki across difficult hill tracts and covering forty-four miles without the camels halting; the weariness of marching after camels weary through the weariness of the night is terrible. None of the marches made by the Afghan Mission were so wearisome as those I made alone, and yet I think

few of the Mission will not look back with horror on the night marches through the desert between Nushky and the Helmund. Travelling at the rate a camel heavily laden travels is almost insupportable to any one not accustomed to be with camels from an early age ; it is totally different to the fatigue of long marches on foot through the night. It is the following of the camel at the camel pace which becomes insupportable night after night. It is impossible for any one who has not had to travel with the laden camel, night after night, to understand why the European soldier becomes so weary of the animal and so little and so badly tends it. The Turkoman say a camel will die to spite a bad master. A camel generally dies when it is most wanted.

We had now melons—large water melons. Our guide at once cut the melons, and I little thought of the grimy hands which had torn out the red, moist, melon-heart, dripping bloodlike juice as I gulped the moist, cool fruit. The melon has a wondrous cooling, refreshing property such as water has not. I believe the melon has properties preventive of sunstroke. The Indian melon, although less fragrant than the Afghan fruit, is more thirst-relieving.

The people as we go north have a great objection to selling lambs. One old man valued his flock in this way : he counted one lamb as being equal to three sheep. I saw a large village deserted because of pestilence, and I was told that the pestilence had come because of the people in the village having played travellers foul who had been guests. We saw many heaps of stones indicating where men had fallen and been buried. Opposite there was generally a circular stone enclosure, with a bend on the west—the Mehrab—the place of prayer in the wilderness. One night

I had no food. Fortunately, a Pathan passing came and sat where we were and entered into conversation, and drawing out a huge "nan" "scon" of bread from underneath his coat, broke it and offered us portions. To men hungry the bread was delicious, and being whole-meal bread, it could be eaten dry and enjoyed. Whole-meal bread dry is nice and can be eaten with pleasure with or without water, whereas white bread cannot with any pleasure, day after day, be eaten dry.

I spent one of the coldest nights I have spent on a hill before I reached Nushky. It was bitterly cold. A strong chilling wind blew from the valley below and swept across the hill. The Pathans who were at the fires said they would sit up all night as they could not sleep because of the cold. We lay down by the fires, and, rolled up in posteens, wished to go asleep; but the posteen will not cover the ears, although the neck may be down into the warm wool fringe and the ears are very sensitive to icy winds, and so long as the head and ears are tingling, sleep will not come. The helmet is a poor cold-climate head-covering for a traveller, for he cannot sleep in it; the turban is much better. This is the great advantage of a turban—that it can be wrapped round not only the head but the ears and neck, and when so wound will form a pillow. The dew at night was as heavy as light rain. Until I fell into a drowsy, sleepy state I was kept interested by watching the Pathans trying to be warm. In the first place, they did not seem to feel cold in the back, but only in the head, arms and legs. A man first stretched his hands over the fire, then extended his arms, then turned his arms so as to bake both sides, and having heated his hands and arms, he pressed and rubbed them against the sides of his head, then he stretched his

hands over the fire, and having heated them, rubbed them against his ears, and so having warmed them and being "khush"—in a happy state—for being warm, he must be happy, calls out in a voice of Afghan force "Yah Ullah, Shuker ya Ullah," or perhaps unable to get warm, he draws a deep breath and exclaims, "Ullah, Ullah, toubah, toubah,"—forgiveness, oh God, forgiveness;—and thus the Pathans passed the night.

European travellers ought to remember that if they take out food and eat before Mussulman to the North of India, they ought first to offer a portion of the food to all around them. Whether refused or not it is right, and it only indicates that the traveller is a civilized man, not a savage, to translate literally the expression used. A little piece of bread will make the difference between good-will and dislike. It is not that the people who receive the bread are hungry, but it is the recognition of their equal humanity—"insaneit"—which pleases them and makes them not envious of the comfort and the luxury in which the European travels.

Having washed and become dry, we rode on. Still no sight of the Mission although Nushky must have been close. Ascending rising ground, we suddenly saw below us white dots, when the guide at once shouted "there is the camp of the Mission;" but the white dots soon disappeared. The guide was certain that they were the tents of the Mission. A considerable space had been ridden over, and I was almost doubting whether the Mission had not disappeared in the desert when some camels grazing were seen. The guide said he would seek for the men in charge of the camels, and off we galloped. Still only camels were seen; but riding along a dry water-course,

some men started up from behind some tufts of grass in the shadow of the bank and shouted "What is the matter?" We drew up and were cheered to hear that, in a depression beyond, the Mission could be found and that the Mission would be at Nushky until midnight. Riding further on we ascended rising ground, and we saw below us tents fluttering in the wind and the Afghan Boundary Commission long preparing for the long march through the desert and away to Kusan.

I introduced myself to Mr. Barnes, from whom I received a kindly welcome, and I was soon acquainted with the last division of the Mission, the first division being already moving in the desert.

I observed that many of the officers of the Mission had given special attention to their helmets so as to obtain the utmost shade from them; streaming from the back of each helmet was a net tail, and as this tail waved in the wind, it gave a curious appearance. The large helmets and the large tails gave a diminutive appearance to those beneath them; at a distance a dark mass was seen, and a bright tail behind, and one expected the helmets and the tails to fly away. To the irreverent those clothed in this sunproof array and behind whom fluttered these bright tails were known from the brilliancy and the rapidity of their movements across the Mission plain as Mission comets.

Having been rested in the hospitable tents of Mr. Barnes, I had to seek for information about my camels which were far behind. In the afternoon at last word came that the camels had sunk down in the Kaisar stream which I crossed in the early morning after a night on the cold and bleak surface of the Kaisar Hill, and that the animals could march no further. By the evening the camels or the

burdens that they carried must be at Nushky and sent forward with the Mission or left behind for many months not to be seen, and I had to determine whether I should march with the Mission as I was, without clothing other than the little I carried on me. By good fortune a few Beluchees were returning from the Mission to their own hills, and they had the camels they rode, and through the assistance of Mr. Barnes they were persuaded to march where my camels lay down and bring on all they carried.

To feed the Mission provisions had been collected near well-waters in the desert. If human life was not accounted for so strictly and severely in British expeditions, the transport of the Mission would have been easy, and few preparations, beyond carrying a few days' food, would have been necessary ; a few animals and a few men would have been lost; but the loss of men and even of animals has to be strictly answered for by British Commanders.

The precautions taken were, therefore, not only to transport the Mission beyond the Helmund, but to prevent, as far as was humanly possible, the loss of a single human being; and these precautions were successful, although, of course, they were not always carried out as put down on paper. Not only had provisions to be brought, but water had to be sought for and brought to the surface, and the Mission had to be taken to the places where food and water had been collected.

The scene in the Camp at starting was animating. In the evening the noise and excitement became greater. Beluchees, Afghans and Indian mounted men were furiously galloping after animals which were breaking loose, or were searching for animals that could not be found. Officers and camelmen were in warm dispute as to the proportion

of loads. As the evening advanced, camels were formed in lines, and mounted men were stationed to guard them ; but the camels are an unbelieving race. They had no respect to formations or to their masters and instructors. A camel might be seen, with tail erect and back high, breaking from the line, defying all discipline, pursued by mounted men, and frisking along and casting off the weights that encumbered him; another camel wildly attempting to break the line, with a Beluch tugging at the nose-rope and pulling the "mohar," and an officer hanging on to the tail ; the camel, regardless of Beluch and of officer, dragging both and charging amongst the laden camels,overturning loads, crushing animals, injuring men who could not jump out of the way, and causing riders to toss their legs up in the air, and indifferent to the belabouring of many sticks and much abuse.

Already the effects of great changes of climate were felt. The hands of both Europeans and Indians and the feet of some had chapped and were very painful from the cold winds of night and the hot winds of day. My hands were so swollen and painful that I could not write. I could hold the reins with difficulty. I saw the hands of some greatly swollen and cut with deep fissures, and darkened as if mortifying ; but the most painful chaps were on the feet : the heels of some were cut as cleanly by the wind as if a scalpel had been drawn over them. The wind seemed by suction to tear the flesh asunder. I noticed that during a halt, when the day was spent in tents, and when there was little exposure to the sun, the chaps at once became less painful. Now what is the best treatment for these chaps? Butter, I think, and *ghee*.

At a halting place called Bund, while rambling around the tank, I saw an extraordinary mirage which

made me start. Close to me, marching right on to the tank, were gigantic camels passing by great tents, towering high above the plain. The camels were so close and the tents so distinct that at first it was startling. The camels seen in this reflection of such startling size were far away grazing, and the tents I afterwards saw beyond the tank. The tents were of Brahuis of the Mingal tribe, leading in the desert a nomadic life. During the day a blinding sandstorm blew across the desert, obscuring for some time the day. At 2 P.M. I found the temperature in the shade to be 85°.

This is a scene in the desert:—The sand beyond Kani was strewn with rocks, and as we advanced the rocks looked like islands in a sea of sand. The rocks became fewer on the surface, and we crossed very deep sand before we neared Gazachah. Approaching Gazachah the soil changed, and the sand was less free and apparently concentrating, and bunches of grass became more frequent near Gazachah. The grass was always in tufts, and round the tufts of grass sand collected and heaped up protected against the wind. It seemed as if the grass finding solid spots clung to them, and clinging lived, and living grew and gave shelter to sand and clay particles. These tufts of grass and the sand and clay mingling into earth under the shadow of the grass, and clinging to each other for protection, indicated the struggle for life in these wilds. The germs of grass-life blown hither and thither on the moving sand waste, and seeking a refuge, touching land in the ocean of sand, cling and live.

We halted a day at a stage called Galachah. It was hot during the day; the reflection from the sand was bright; strong winds blew. At 3 A.M. on the morning of the 13th of October the temperature was 60°. This was the minimum

temperature during the night of the 12th; at 5-30 A.M. 62°, and at 1-30 P.M. in the afternoon the temperature in the shade was as high as 87°. The maximum temperature during the day was 88°. The height of Galachah I calculated to be about 3,100 feet.

Coming close to the Helmund we stopped for a short time in a valley between banks of conglomerate, and ate a little "Nan"—bread, and drank some water which I had brought with me, and the Indian soldiers with us had each brought a little bread too. We dismounted and sat down on the hardened silt mixed and blended by nature, and as we broke the bread, our thoughts were dwelling on the wondrous working of nature around. Nature was working marvellously to make out of waste—land good to live on. As one of the soldiers said, it is "ajeeb"—wonderful.

Nearing the Helmund we entered a basin of silt covered with a white crust. The basin appeared as if the waters had recently sunk which covered it. The silt looked as if drying, but it was dry, and the velvet covering crackled beneath the horses' feet. Ascending from the basin, we rode over the rising ground to a ridge. From the basin we ascended a ridge on the ascent to the hill above. The view east was very fine; on all sides rolling hills of clay and dunes—a vast waste around—on one side Arbu and on the other the hills near Galachah. Riding higher up we ascended to a vast plateau of hardening mortar as it appeared. We were now on a vast mortar-like plain. As we advanced it seemed harder. On the further side, looking far down where the Helmund, we were told, flowed sand was seen but sparsely blown on the hillocks.

We heard every morning while marching the pipes of the Infantry, or "sernai" as they are called. Before the

marching of the Mission was over the sounds of these pipes in the early morning were more hated than any other sound. There was an irritating shrillness in their warnful tones—plaintive as they first sounded on the morning air, and as they gathered strength, triumphant with the quickening sounds of the drum. Once the pipers and the drummer were seen they could not be forgotten, and one thought of their wild enthusiasm as the pipes and drum were heard in the early morning. The pipers had affected in their looks an appearance not of other men. They had so arranged their hair and beards as to give to their faces a wild and melancholy cast; but the spectacle which ever drew attention was the drummer. The drummer was proud of his functions, and assumed a look of ferocious excitement as he beat the drum. His locks streaming down his back and as he bent down falling over his face blown in ragged bunches across his eyes.

On the march to Lundi by the Helmund, not the least picturesque view was the appearance of the places of the dead, with graves prettily adorned with coloured stones most carefully placed and preserved from displacement. The first graveyard was situated on the summit of the plateau looking over the Helmund at Kwaja Ali. Each grave was ornamented—had an armour, so to speak, of alabaster and stones of various tints. At the head of some of the graves, pieces of the whitest marble were placed, and these pieces were arranged to indicate a pillar rising some feet higher than the arched surface of the graves. To the pillars and to the stones at the ends of the graves white bands of cloth were attached. These bands of cloth—and this is the most curious feature—were twisted in the middle, and in the knot of

the twist little black stones were placed. The bands and the little black stones swayed with every wind. I should, and I am sure others would, have liked to have taken away a few of these emblems ; but no one could have the heart to disturb what so much tenderness of feeling had created. Passing wayfarers carry pretty stones from long distances to honour the graves and to think kindly of the dead. Many weary miles have to be passed to the hills whence the stones are found, for neither marble nor the stones of many tints seen on the graves are seen near the graveyards. They have to be brought from long distances. Near Galachah in the desert are marble mines, and there are others doubtless (and possibly other mines of wealth too) in the mountain ranges around the Seistan Valley.

The river at Rudbar reminded me of the river at Dasgaum ; but there was not the patient river-bed cultivation observable at Dasgaum. The rich river-mud rising above the stream in the river-bed was not yielding its fertility ; still there was much cultivation ; but how much more will there be if peace is preserved and the population cease to carry sword and musket as they now do whilst they work ?

By the Helmund, as the journey advanced, fragments of pottery in countless numbers were seen, and amongst them enamelled pieces were found. The broken earthenware reminded us that the course of the Mission lay through a valley, in which great communities had once grown, where prosperous populations had lived, and over which powerful princes had ruled. Were these fragments of ancient civilized art in the Valley, or evidences of more recent skill which had been carried down by the floods

of the Helmund, we asked one another. The mounds of buried buildings rose on every side, and these mounds had not been exposed to any other research than the washing and denudation of flood-water, and the scraping of curious villagers and nomad Beluch wanderers. The mounds which had arisen over fallen buildings were easily distinguishable from rain and flood-created elevations —from the vestiges of elevated land at the level of which the Helmund once probably flowed. The great plateaus above the Helmund are some 200 feet higher than the level of the valley through which the river now runs. They consist of curious mortar-like clay with pebbles and gravel thrown on the surface or imbedded in the binding clay. They are— and it is a remarkable fact applicable to all the elevated land around the basin—on nearly the same level.

We went to see a very interesting place—the mounds and ruins of Nadi Ali. The mounds and the low ground were overspread with broken earthenware and deep in the ground, as we afterwards saw broken glass of a clear and strong temper, thicker than glass is now commonly made. As we approached the ground crackled under the feet of the horses, and the hollow sound where the horses trod made us think that the ground was hollow and that we might tumble through. The horses were frightened, for they hesitated and pawed the ground and snorted in that timid way which horses do when they are afraid of the ground in front of them. We dismounted. The ground was like tinted mortar. Major Durand found some excellent specimens of glass. The three of us searched the ground below the mounds for some time, and most interesting it was ; the difficulty was not to find specimens of pottery, but to select the best. Everything—earthenware and

glass—was pounded as if in a mortar. The ground near the mounds, although like caked and crusted mortar, was not so soft as near the fort nor so cracked. Approaching the Fort the ground was pierced with fissures and so soft that I sank into it; the feeling was as if over a hollow which might sink at any moment. One expected the earth to open and to receive us. The villagers said that the ground sometimes opened and gaped, and in the rains from the fissures treasures were washed out. From the first mound we proceeded to see some brick ruins. The ruins were filled with sand and mud—mortar-crusted-like. We saw here two varieties of brick—white and red. The bricks were of large size. One that I measured was 12 by 9. On the wall of one of the rooms we saw a curious mark—the sign of a hand—painted in black on the white wall, which appeared as if cemented. The roof of this apartment had fallen in, but the walls of brick were still strong. One villager made a motion in describing the rising of the water through the fissures as if a flood arose from beneath and the earth vomited up. While examining the sign of the hand, a reptile we thought to be a snake rose up through the sand and rapidly disappeared in the sand close to the wall. We dug up the sand with our whips, and after some time found not a snake but a sand lizard. From these ruins we went to the tower—the most perfect brick structure we had yet seen. We found Major Peacock making a sketch of the tower. At a distance it resembled a Hindoo temple; the various depressions ascending to the summit seemed to be niches in which sculptured figures and ornaments might have rested. The tower had sides, but at a short distance the projecting angles were not visible in the harmony of the structure. The tower was at one time surmounted by

a dome, now broken and fallen in. This tower is known as the Khosh-i-Dukhtir, or—the place of pleasure of the virgin. From the tower we went to the fort. We walked over buried ruins. The ground was so soft that we sank in it as we walked, and it was not possible to banish the fear that one might sink into the earth. The fort now was merely a large space, square-shaped, within a broken wall on a mound. Last year they told us the wall had been broken by the Afghans and the buildings within destroyed. To the north of the fort were some ten huts, in which the inhabitants of Nadi Ali lived. These ten huts and the sickly people who dwell in them are all the dwellings and the people of Nadi Ali, where once a great city and many people lived. While examining the ruins the villagers came to us. Sad as the desolation on which we stood, sadder the woeful putrid looks of some of the people. The villagers had brought what they thought to be ancient coins for sale. Some of these were brass ornaments bored so as to be worn round the neck, and battered as if worn for some time, and having an old look and made like sequins; and most curiously of all a "counter," giving admission to the Hanover Rooms, London. Here is what I read on this counter, bored and used as an ornament, and now offered in the ruins of Nadi Ali as a relic of an ancient city. The people protested that it had been found in the ruins a year before with other coins after a flood. One of the sickly people, with a cloth across his face to conceal the malignant putridness of countenance—a cloth through which bloody ooze came, and to hold the putrid vapours which came from the malignant disease he was, poor creature, suffering from—came to show us the way to the next halting place. When he drew the cloth from

his face, he only did so after many apologies and with a timid, frightened look, as if his affliction was a crime for which terrible punishment had come ; and only after going on one side and hiding his face from all except myself did he lift one corner of the cloth. He felt himself accursed, but still he had hope and wished to live.

I now take you to Panjdeh, close to Lash-Juwaine, a most important position. The buildings were curious round huts which looked like beehives with only one opening. Such too were most of the buildings in Juwaine. The fort at Panjdeh is insignificant. One of the sights of Panjdeh were spinning wheels. I saw many outside buildings, but the fair ones spinning always fled. These spinning wheels were exactly as the wheels to be seen in the country parts of Great Britain many years ago.

The ancient road between Kandahar and Herat to Farrah and Sabzar or Ispzar passed through Seistan and Hokat. It was the route followed by many armies on account of the abundant supplies, as well as from the necessity of securing the subjection of the region before the direct route by Girishk could be safely taken. The armies of Timur completed the destruction that had been wrought by the warriors of Chenghiz, and in following years the raids of Beber and Nadir destroyed the prosperity that time had brought.

The Rev. J. Williams in his "Life of Alexander the Great," following the account by Arrian, states that whilst Alexander himself took the route parallel to the littoral, and the fleet voyaging under command of Nearchus, which led across the desert of Gedrosia, the modern Makran, to Carmania or Kirman, Craterus had already proceeded "with the elephants, the heavy baggage, the feeble, the old and the wounded, and with three brigades of

the phalanx" towards the same destination, through the fertile countries of the Arachosi and Drangae.

The prospect around Lash is very desolate ; on either side is a vast clay waste plateau. By the banks of the Farrah Rud ruins are tottering as far as the eye can reach. This country, once so populous, has few people and even the nomads until the last few years fled.

Juwaine is some three miles from Lash. It is built on a mound rising above a rich plain. Dr. Bellew correctly calls this district Hokat. The desolation is terrible, and yet the tramp of armed hordes will be heard again before many years in these valleys. The destruction of war cannot be more fearfully seen than here.

Juwaine Fort is rectangular in shape, surrounded by mud walls having eight bastions. There is a ditch around it.

Panjdeh Fort is a large enclosure with wind-mills at either end. The Fort is insignificant ; the walls are broken in many places. Most of the houses in Panjdeh are of a curious shape ; they are like beehives, with an opening on one side. At Juwaine most of the houses were of the same curious shape.

We now approach the hills above Herat. As we descended from the elevated plain to Pahri the expectation of seeing Herat caused excitement. We had hoped to have a distant view of the city from the tableland around Chah Gezek, but were disappointed. Each hill was ascended in vain, and from none could the outline of the historic plain be distinguished. In the direction of Herat a black mass in a sea of haze was seen, and imagination called that mass Koh-i-Baba. Pahri lay in a depression between the tableland we had marched over and a small range of hills on the north offshoots of the

mountain ranges thrust out from Doshakh. Before reaching Pahri we had been told that Herat lay below the hill enclosing the sunken ground, on the north of which our camp would be situated. As we descended, we saw the hill and the Ziarat, from which, we had been told, we could see the historic plain and city. Crowds of villagers came around as we drew rein in the valley. These villagers had mostly round, chubby, soft, white and red faces, and they had come in search of a physician to heal their sick friends. No more Afghan faces could be seen. Many of the faces were European, with a ruddy glow on them. Before this stage of the journey was reached we had noticed in Seistan the ancient Persian type. In Anardurra village there were few Afghans. The people in face and nearly in dress were of the handsome ancient Persian type, and their looks and welcome were more cheerful than the scowl of the Afghan; and I thought, as I looked at their happy faces, of the morose look and solemn salutation of some Nurzai nomads I had passed in the morning. Beyond telling the villagers that a great *tubeeb* was coming we had no communication with the party. We rode up the hill, past black wool tents, very low, but with large openings to the east, out of which rushed great white-ear and tail-cropped dogs at the horses. At one time it almost appeared as if these great dogs of a Banjari type would fasten on the horses like wolves. Whatever they may have intended to do, their ferocity was soon checked by the villagers coming out and stoning them. Between the dogs and the flying pebbles our position was uncomfortable, but we soon passed on up the brow of the hill to the summit, and there before us lay the vision—the Dholghei—the Herat Valley we had often

contemplated ; but it was not cheerful. The valley had an aspect of winter desolation and of decay. The solitary remains of the Musalla first attracted attention. Musalla, I need not say, means a place of prayer. The plain was dotted with ruins ; tottering towers and shattered walls were numerous, and on the hill-face the gathering mist had not concealed the tomb of Shaik or Khodja Abdoola, The Ansari. The haze that lay over the city scarcely permitted its outlines to be followed, and we had to wait till the atmosphere cleared to trace the city walls. The haze that gathered while we were endeavouring to discern all in the valley gave to the elevated ground it had not covered a phantasmal appearance. To the north towered the great mass of Koh-i-Band-i-Baba, spreading to the east and closing the valley and to the west rising in peaks of a rose tint and under these peaks the city of Herat. The haze cleared away as the sun went lower and the valley became more distinct. Lower ridges of Koh-i-Band-i-Baba could be seen and the city walls could now be traced.

The chief defence of Herat is the great rampart of earth around the city. The city walls are a mere screen. Strange to say, they had not a single implacement for a large gun. In this city, once so great, there are not more than 10,000 people, and the small Afghan garrison are strangers. The people would prefer the Russians to the Afghans, and the British to the Russians, and the Persians to all.

In case of war the Russians would be in Herat within a week. The people are hostile to the Afghans. Race is still a great influence in the East; and in Central Asia, in the land between Russ and Afghan there is a continual struggle between race feeling and religion. Although the city is desolate, the fertility of the Herat Valley has not died.

All these countries have never recovered from the loss of life in the wars of Chenghis and in the time of Timur.

From Quetta to the Caspian, all Asia is suffering from want of fighting men. These fighting races reproduce very slowly.

It is seldom that nomad Turk or Kurd has more than one or two children.

The vineyards around Herat were not arranged, as I had seen in other places. A section through one is like this: the trenches are 6 feet deep, the vines growing on the trench-slope which is the north slope because they want to avoid the sun's heat instead of trying to catch it.

I present for your examination Turkoman hats. The large woolly hat is much affected by the Herat brave. Having worn one of them, I can testify that they are very warm. How grateful they are in an ice storm or in the wind which blows in Turkestan in ice blasts and chilliness!

Ferocious as the look which these hats give, it is not ferocious enough for some bloodthirsty-looking Afghan warriors. I noticed attempts made to increase the ferocity, the hair in shaggy bunches falling down the face or down the neck or rising in rough tufts, or again spreading out, more or less erect, in a sort of ferocious repulsion. Brown or black are the favourite colours, but a grizzled colour is also loved.

The leather in the long Bokhara boots which I show you is very fine and pliable, and with a pleasant odour—the odour of Morocco—and dark durable polish. It is so pliable that the boots can be folded up like cloth. The long boots are worn in shoes, and they may, therefore, be considered as long leather socks. Very much the same boot is in favour in the Caucasus. The price of a pair

with shoes is Rs. 8, varying more or less with quality. The long brown Turkoman boots with tiny heels, which I now show you, are worn all through Central Asia. The leather in these boots resists water and never becomes hard; they are often lined with felt. They are only made by the Turkoman. Their price is about Rs. 10. Even in Kilanau none could be obtained. Kilanau, where I stopped, is an important grouping of houses and kibitkas. The best goods in Kilanau are owned by Jews. These Jews have come from Herat and Turkestan, and enormous gains they seek; but the Hazareh or Afghan shopkeepers are not less greedy, and they will not, as the Jews will, inconvenience themselves for customers. The Jews, notwithstanding their high prices, had a desire to be obliging, and they had not the suspicious, trustless dealing way of the others. It was not necessary to point out to us that the people were Jews and not Mussulman. The contrast between their faces (and the soft expression of their eyes) and the bold looks of the Afghan and Tartar around was very striking. Such a contrast was most remarkable, and one could not help thinking how the people of Israel have changed in the east under a life of trade and of peace. I soon observed how carefully the Jews watch the feelings of the Muslimin around. The sun had not gone down, not a Mussulman had spread his carpet for the evening "Nimaż," and yet the Jew, who had brought most of his goods into the verandah to show me left me suddenly as he was helping me to put on a Bokhara boot, with the remark made in a loud voice, "Wakt-i-nimaz"—time of prayer—and rushed, he did not walk so great was his hurry—to pray, into the room, and began to pray, before all the people in front of the room as a Mussulman. This same Jew—and obliging he was—brought

some boots for me to try on at the kibitka in which I was to sleep. There were a number of Afghan troops near the kibitkas, and some officials came to call on us and to assist us. He had taken out the boots and other goods, and we were talking over the prices when he suddenly snatched at the cloth in which he had brought them, spread it out, and began to pray, as a good Mussulman, a second time.

The difference between the fighting men and the races in domestic service with the Mission was very striking. I was talking to a Sikh soldier, when curiously watching the different manner of the men of war and the domestics in taking their fortunes, and I asked the Sikh why the warrior races were happy, and the men who had only domestic service and its easy life to lead were sad. He said "It is their disposition—a man's disposition depends on his race. These men," he went on to say, "are more warmly clad than the soldiers, and yet they are not warm, and they have so many clothes on that a soldier could not work in them. They eat more than the soldiers and they are not happy; they have neither to walk long distances, nor to move after long marches, neither to chase animals, nor to watch on each journey men wandering behind, neither to run backwards and forwards with orders, nor to be ever on the alert, nor to remain on guard after a long march—they escape all the duties of a soldier, they lead easier lives than their masters, and yet they are not happy nor contented." And I said "Why is it?" He answered again, and I thought in a tone pitying towards me, but compassionate towards the inferior beings of domestics, and not of pride,—"It is their disposition;" and he further reflecting—said, "They have no heart."

Here is a description of two Indian officers with the Mission. It is difficult to say whether these gallant soldiers were more respected by the British officers or by the sepoys. I did not often see the two warriors together, but when I did on the march, I, and I think all and especially the sepoys, enjoyed the spectacle. Moola Dadh, with a swing of his big arm, and his strong voice, Nizamudin, bowing lowly, with much deference, but with much-self respect, and when they parted, the shake of head, the grip of hand—violent—of Moola Dadh,—and the deep obeisance and the gloved hand of Nizamudin.

But Moola Dadh would stem the current before it would resist his passage ; such was his bearing. Here were two fine types of soldier, as different as a British officer and an Afridi. The old Rissaldar-Major Nizamudin—courtly gentleman—wore gloves and made a courtly salute before addressing his greatest friend, and dug his grave wherever he halted and contemplated it while he rested ; and when he journeyed on he bequeathed his grave as a pious gift to some pious man to whom it might be of some use, and the gallant soldier wore gloves while off duty and leisurely walking round and surveying the camp. Moola Dadh, as a hearty man ought to be who married a new wife after each campaign, looked forward, please God, to another wife after this journey. One of these grand soldiers—the Rissaldar-Major—commenced to learn French while we were camped by the Murgab. I gave Nizamudin a French dictionary to study.

The difference between the Persian cooks and the Goanese cooks with the Mission from India often used to attract attention. The Persians—clean looking and clean, happy in look and cheerful ; the Goanese under conditions

of life they had not expected, and, therefore, unhappy, wrapped in dirty posteens, endeavouring to become warm, chilled in heart and mind and in disposition to work. While the Persians were happy in work, the Goanese were fretful and of unwilling mind. The Persians might be seen, with sleeves tucked up, clean arms, dressing the food to be cooked; the Goanese might also be observed in long posteen skins and night caps very greasy, in unhappy mind, with pipes in their mouths, and spitting near where they were cleaning and chopping the meat. It made us sick to watch them.

I intend to show you how tea should be made and as it is made by Persians and Russians. There is a Sumovar now boiling. Look at it. The graceful outline of the dome indicates the grace and diginity of life in the East. And now the tea is ready, and what is it like? A delicious *sherbet;* an exquisite mingling of sugar and lime, flavoured with the grateful fragrance of aromatic tea.

Use a little tea—fragrant Chinese—boiling water, but not water boiled in the kitchen, water from a Sumovar, a clean teapot, a slice of lime or fresh and fragrant lime-juice, such as comes from the small lime plucked from tree in India.

The manner of using snuff on the Frontier is singular. When you see a man take a pinch of snuff from a little bag and hold the snuff between his forefinger and thumb, you imagine that he is going to use the fragrant powder as people generally use it both in the East and West; but he will not, for he considers it abominable waste to place up the nostrils an exhilarating pinch which will warm his stomach, for they believe that snuff taken in the way they do has a cheering effect on the inside, and does good to mouth and teeth. He places his forefinger and thumb holding the charge, on the palm of his left hand

and opens them and then rubs off the snuff on his fingers and gives them a shake; the snuff is now on the palm of the left hand; with the right forefinger a little moistened, he rolls the snuff into a mass, and lifting it between the forefinger and thumb again, and opening his mouth wide, pitching his head back (which he does with a sudden jerk) he places the bolus well back between the cheek and the gums, and gives it a final roll round the gums with his forefinger, then squirts out the juice, and continues to ruminate happily. Such is the manner of using snuff on the Frontier, and the people who so use it believe there is much advantage from it, not only to the comfort of their stomachs, but to the purity of their mouths. Tobacco in any form applied to the teeth is apparently preservative of them. Such is the belief of Central Asia and also of races in India. The effect of tobacco applied to the teeth, they say, is different to the results of smoking. Either pipe or kalyan smoking they consider injurious to some extent to the teeth.

Snuff is largely used as a toothpowder by the poorer classes in the East. They first apply snuff to the teeth, then rinse the mouth with water, and after that apply charcoal powder to the teeth. They believe that it prevents decay of the teeth, and also that it has a peculiar property of restraining excessive growth of the front teeth.

The snuff they apply at least once a day, the first application being in the early morning. Tobacco is largely used, as we know, in the East for keeping insects away from clothes and books, and in moist climates it is an effective preservative.

I visited on the Khorassan frontier a place called Shahan-i-Gurm Ab—a place where holy waters flow. The

guardian of the hot springs often came to speak to me, for he was a stranger to the country. One day the guardian brought to me a man suffering from intense inflammation of the eyes, so intense the suffering that the eyes could not be opened. The slightest attempt to open the eyes gave pain. The guardian came and asked me to give relief. I gave a lotion and directed that the sufferer should be taken down to the hot springs and the holy water, and his head placed, after he had prayed, under the water and my medicine applied. There was immediate relief. He opened his eyes and saw. Here was a miracle!

The crossing of the Parapomissus was a moment of much interest. The plain which we had crossed over from Kusan seemed as if storm-swept—great mounds—wrecks of clay lying on the plain. The descent was down an easy decline, easier than the ascent and followed narrow paths, deep between hills, down the mountain sides between shelves of rock till the dry bed of a mountain stream. The face of the rocks rising above seemed as if worn into rough steps—for the "mountain spirits," as a Hindoo scldier said. The path is very narrow below the tower above the summit of the pass, leading to a gorge leading north and south-west. To command this gorge the tower was built. One animal can pass, but not more than one easily. As we descended the mountain side, the sweet scent of hay ascended. Whence came the grateful scent wafted to the barren rocks and perfuming the mountain air? Descending the rocky course of the mountain torrent, the course of the stream was lost in long, soft, wavy grass, white and ripe where the mountain shadows were less. The smell of the ripe grass was delightful and like intoxication to the followers. Many of them lay down and rolled in the grass, and the animals were more happy than the men.

We left the banks of the Murgab on a bright day to march towards Panjdeh. We passed a village of a few dome-shaped houses near the end of the march. Of these I took a photo. Opposite this village, away to the west, we saw mud houses in reeds belonging to the Sukti Clan. Near Kerawul Khaneh there is much water lost in a swamp and high reeds. I went out to look for pheasants, and although so many had been killed I saw a number, of which I shot eight. One was a splendid cock, only slightly wounded in the wing. Jassim wanted to make a pet of him, but I gave him to Dr. Aitchison who was anxious to get so good a specimen alive.

It soon began to snow after we left Kerawul Khaneh, and became warmer. One old Turkoman had a curious dress, he had made for himself, to keep the snow off, an apron of Kurjin—saddle bags and this apron he fastened in front of him as he rode. An Afghan would never have thought of this. The Turkoman were jovial fellows to ride in the snow with. Not one had a posteen, although every Afghan was wrapped in sheep skin.

Descending from the highland, Maruchek Fort came in sight. As we rode down from the hills, it ceased to snow. The snow that had fallen melted rapidly away, and the warm sun appeared. By the time we had reached the river the snow lay as saliva in the hollows of the ground. We rode close by the river to the Fort. The stream had a very English look. Long reeds grew on the banks. We had to cross a water-course and many dry waterways and ditches. As we approached the river, these had to be made passable for the camels. We were now riding over a country that had once been highly cultivated. The outlines of the fields could be traced in the waterways that defined and fertilized them and in broken walls that guarded the

rich crops, for the soil is rich, and the fields were small. A large population must have lived on the rich black soil which has only to be scratched, as a Turkoman said to me, moving the nail of his forefinger. The Fort of Maruchek had a dilapidated look. The outer wall had been broken down and had fallen away. The Fort is built on an ancient mound. On the surface are layers of brick deeply laid. After descending from the hills, and before approaching the Fort, we passed by raised ground that had once been covered with vineyards. The Turkoman pointed out to us the banks, on which the vines had been trailed. The vineyards must have been of great extent. Although many years have passed, the garden banks have not crumbled away. We can see where the vines trailed and where the streams of water flowed through the gardens. Said the Nawab Sahib after we had ridden through the vineyards and seen the care and labour with which they had been formed and after a Turkoman had pointed out the great space which the gardens must have covered—"Dunya-fani-dir"—the world and all in it is fleeting. "And why is this rich soil not cultivated and all now waste?" we enquired of a Turkoman. "Because of war," he replied, laconically. Said another Turkoman, pointing to an Afghan knife in the waist belt of an Afghan, "This and the plough cannot thrive together—butter and fire." The river by the bridge was picturesque, a great mass of brick rising above the water as a tower in the middle of the stream and leaning to the west on the further and west side of the river, in deep water. The river turns to the west. In the middle three other towers rose above the water, all smaller, two on the west bank and one on the west side of bend in river—all that had not fallen away of the bridge by Maruchek;—that ruin speaking to us of

what had been, and of what is, of cultured and of savage man. I examined bricks in the bridge. They were many of them 9×5. I photographed the crossing of the river. Some Turkoman, standing on the bank, at once appreciated the situation, and assumed natural positions. They understood at once the object of a photograph, and placed themselves in natural positions and enjoyed the "sair" or event. Afghans standing by retired surlily to a distance.

Leaving Maruchek, and riding north, we crossed numerous fields, defined by walls now in dilapidation, and ground once covered with vineyards and orchards. There were the banks on which the vines trailed and the walls which protected large orchards, but not a vine nor a tree to be seen, all gone but the ground which fertilized them. We rode across a canal and by the huts and khirgas of Turkoman. To show the peace that had come and how wise the Turkoman are, these huts and khirgas were not huddled together as they would have been if their owners had been Afghans, but scattered, with some distance between each. Not a sign of a warlike nature, not a man armed, not a wall to hide behind to wait for an enemy, not a sign of strife or stratagem. How different if these huts and khirgas had been of Afghans! They would have been huddled together, fortified with a great wall, many towers built, and each man in each hut and khirga, would have been armed with as many weapons as he could carry. The women seemed busy and showed not the slightest curiosity. Such is the cold restraint which the cold disposition of the Turkoman places on their manner.

I crossed the river to photograph the Turkoman ploughman I had seen on the other side. I was not quite sure whether the Turkoman would care to leave the plough to

please the curiosity of the stranger, for they were working hard,—doing hard, honest work, and possibly more useful work than ourselves. Well, I first got my camera into order and ready. All this time the Turkoman, beyond a pleasant look and, no doubt, a joke amongst themselves, did not stop from their work, and beyond an occasional look did not pay the slightest attention to us nor to our camera. There was an old man—the master—if any man amongst Turkoman can be called master—and his two assistants, for servants they were not, although they were working for the old man and tilling ground, which he had the right to till; they were rather partners, being paid a proportion of the produce. The old man was sowing, as they once sowed in the country-parts of Britain. He had a bag of seed in front of him, and from this bag he took handfuls of seed and carefully sowed. From Panjdeh he had come forth here to sow the ground, and he had a tent. His skin was white and freckled. A fine stalwart man he was, but he had an affliction, as he told me—he had not one tooth. "It is difficult to eat without teeth," he said. The man at the plough had a very Tatar look. The boy had also a Tatar cast of countenance. As soon as I was ready, I went over and asked them if they would stop and let me take a photograph of them. They understood at once what I wanted, and took up positions in the most natural way. The boy was very much amused, and laughed so much, that at first I thought I would not get a photograph of him; but at the moment of exposure, he was as steady as I could have wished. I had not the slightest difficulty in getting them to understand what I wanted, and it surprised me then, as it often surprised me both before and afterwards, how quickly these Turkoman peasants understand the

object of a photograph, and how readily they throw themselves into the most easy and striking positions. It is most difficult to get an Afghan, even when he wants, to stand in the easy attitude a Turkoman naturally assumes. There is always a difficulty with the hands or legs of an Afghan. The perceptions of a Turkoman are much quicker, and he understands imperceptibly what one wants. It would have been difficult to get Afghans of any rank to understand, as quickly as these Turkoman peasants did, what I wanted of them. Well, after I had capped the lens, they came up and asked me if it was finished. "Beetdi," said they. "Yes," said I. "Well, show us what is at the back, under the cloth," they said, and I let them look at the focussing screen, where they saw everything up side down. Astonished they were not, but very much amused, and they looked at each other one and all very much pleased. On another occasion I said to a Turkoman, "Have you ever seen this," pointing to my camera, "before?" "Never!" he replied. "And are you not afraid?" I inquired. "We only fear God," he replied. After he had examined the camera, the old man commenced to question—whence had I come, what was my business? "A *Hukim*—Doctor." "Can you give me new teeth?" he inquired. That question I tried to evade. After a few more words, wishing me God-speed, and a shake of the hand from the old man, off they went to work, and they were as busy as before. The day was not favourable to a good photograph. The glare was too great. The photograph was exposed too long.

Riding down the banks of the stream, we saw a number of boys busy with spades turning up the earth. Nothing could have been brisker than the way they were handling their spades. It was not stiff digging. I said to a Turkoman—

"This earth is very fine." "It is," he replied. "What crop do you expect?" I inquired. "From one seed I expect 100," he said. The style in which these Turkoman—they were all Sarik—worked attracted the curiosity of our followers. "They are like Europeans," they said. They have spades. And still more astonished were the Indian servants when they saw the Turkoman coming up and asking for our biscuits, and not only taking them, but eating them. This was too much for them, and I heard in a low voice such expressions as "They are not Muslimin; they have been tainted by the Russ." Although our servants and followers were continually wrangling with the Afghans, they never quarrelled with the Turkoman, simply because the Turkoman paid not the slightest attention to them. "These people are very cold" said one of the Cavalry soldiers to me, "and never seem to get angry or excited." It was interesting to us to watch the European way in which the Turkoman did everything. His manner of walking was as different as his manner of speech to the Afghan. In the evening it became cooler. At 4 P.M. the temperature had descended to 61° 5′. The barometer registered 28° 9′ at 7 P. M. During the night it felt very cold, although the thermometer did not fall below 28° 5′. The camp at Roushun, or Kashan, was as cold during the night as it was hot during the day. We were up early the next morning. An icy wind seemed to blow across the water. From that bright day by Ab-i-Roushun a chill boding came over the camp. We knew not why; but a feeling that ill was coming troubled our minds. Till the valley of light or Roushun we thought we were marching for Panjdeh, and till that bright evening by Ab-i-Roushun we thought we were going where, if advice was needed, it ought to be given, and where if danger had to be feared, it

ought to be met. From the Valley of Roushun the bright hopes of the Mission darkened, and humiliation came—bitter humiliation. In the next march, while struggling with a snowstorm, Afghans said to us "Chira mi gurizeed?"—why are you running away? Flight—such appeared to all around us our march away from Panjdeh. Well would it have been if the Afghan Commission had never turned their backs on Panjdeh. "Why are you now running away?" we were taunted; "but for you this would not have happened"—we were fiercely reproached in after-days, when ill-policy and ill-fortune led to the disaster of Pul-i-Khisti. Up to Ab-i-Roushun the course of the Afghan Mission had been to success and in good fortune; after crossing the white waters of Ab-i-Roushun or Kashan ill-fortune and humiliation followed us.

As we crossed the plateau and entered the valley on the further side, the day became brighter, but snow continued falling till about three in the afternoon. The feeling of all with us during this march was of anger and resentment. We dismounted in the evening—sleet was now falling—amongst some Tamarisk bushes in the middle of a valley, and, as some of us brought up branches to light a fire, we looked at each other and at the broken branches of Tamarisk in our hands, and asked "Will this embarrass Lord Granville?"

Let me describe the approach of an ice blast, killing many animals and men—the great changes of climate in these regions. The day is bright and warm, but in the evening, a wind arises; mist came floating over the mountains; the darkening of the mountains gave to the scene an impressive appearance, angular shapes coalescing into mountain masses appearing in the mist and darkness. A storm was following us, said the Turkoman; and said our

followers—Our "Nuseeb"— luck is ill. In the evening about 4 o'clock drops of warm rain commenced to fall, the air was warm, mist floating over the mountains clung to the hills; the hills darkened, a storm commenced, lightning forked, flashed, and rain beat through the tents; then the wind ceased, the mist rose to the mountain peaks, the air brightened, and gentle rain, soft and warm, fell. The camp was placed below the hills in a hollow; to the south and north were ridges, elevations, swelling above the ground and hills. There was little water from a small stream. The maximum height of the thermometer during the day was 69°. After sunset, a strong wind came with drops of rain, and during the night a hurricane seemed to be coming; a wind, such as takes one's breath away, blew. It seemed as if the tents would be blown down; boxes had to be fastened to the ropes, so as to relieve the tent pegs, and the tent pegs constantly examined, and driven into the ground; yet it was warm and pleasant. The temperature did not go below 45° 6″; but we thought somehow a storm was coming; but until so many men and animals were killed, we could not believe in the tales of danger in these mountains, and that on the morrow of a day of sunshine an ice blast came.

Let me describe a friend of mine, an Huzara, of that tribe who are fighting the Afghans. One of my companions—for somehow I either attached myself to some stranger or some stranger attached himself to me—was an Huzara. He was to proceed to Panjdeh after escorting the Mission some way; he had a younger brother with him and they were so frank as they spoke, and personally more devoted to the Ameer than any others I had met. My friend had a face much scarred by small-pox, and the natural ugliness of his face

was made hideous by the scars ; his features were of a not uncommon Huzara type ; the nose was flat and the eyes peered from beneath the slit eyelids ; the face looked as if it had been battered into shape. And yet my friend had a good-humoured face, and somehow had come to regard me as one he could get information from, which he could get from no one else, and in return he was very communicative, and he told me of his family and of all his troubles ; but when he mentioned any particular injustice, he used to end its description by saying—"Yah Ullah," and if the Ameer, or even the Governor of Herat, knew of such injustice, it would not be unpunished.

After the fight of Panjdeh I was often thinking of my friend and wondering whether any hurt had come to him. One morning I went down to the hospital to see the wounded Afghans under the skilful care of Dr. Charles. I saw a man, pale with agony, sitting on a box. As the light folds of a turban, bandagelike, were unwound, gently, with care, and with gentle dripping of water to detach the cloth from the clotted wound, and broken joint—a shattered elbow, he never uttered a cry, painful as the injury was. The pain he was now suffering was little to the agonizing tortures of the journey on horse-back from Panjdeh ; his face seemed hideous in the distortion of suffering and the hideous Huzara cast was intensified by the leaden look of his face. I have no doubt that medicine had been given him to soothe the suffering. I was watching the unfolding of the bandages and the cleaning of the shattered bones, when the wounded man looked up, and with a start recognized me, and I recognized my Huzara friend ; he attempted, weak as he was, to rise, and he made a motion to touch my legs, but I motioned to him, as

kindly as I could, to sit down. I was about involuntarily to say his parting words—"Az-Berkaat-i-Kulmah," but I paused, as it flashed upon my mind that the recollection would taunt him, and this was no time for words, other than of sympathy, for our poor allies, who were heart-broken enough, and it would not have been generous to remind them of their boasting, for they had much to taunt us with too—of help expected but not given—and so I said as kindly as I could "Az-Berkaat-i-Kulmah" you have arrived in safety. He said, "it is the will of God, I should not be a martyr."

There is a curious prophecy talked of in Turkistan. Many Afghans spoke of it. It was the only opinion I heard of in favour of England. A Shekh, some fifty years ago, prophesied that in Sebzawar the Empire of Asia would be decided and that a great battle would be fought between the English and the Russians in the plains of Sebzawar, and after three days' fighting, the English would be victorious and utterly rout the Russians. We can only say "so be it!"

The general opinion of the people north of Afghanistan of the Afghan tribes—that they are excitable mountaineers incapable of sustained courage appears to be a true one; the more one sees of the Afghans the truer this opinion seems.

The inferiority as a race of the Afghans to the Persians strikes one very much on entering Persia. I used to hear the British officers, who came to Meshud, when I was there, invariably say after coming, "Why, the Persians "are a civilized people; what a change from Afghanis-"tan! The people of each village we passed were glad to "see us, and happy and pleased to speak to us, and to

"offer little services." I am convinced the Afghan dress has much to do with the appreciation of Afghans by Englishmen; it gives to them a brave air, and this tone the Afghan affects; the Afghan dress sets the Afghan off to the best advantage, and the Afghan moves to set it off. The Persian dress is simple and not imposing, and has not the martial look of the Afghan. The Persian of the north regards the swagger of the Afghan as unnecessary and childish, and not essential to courage; the most martial of the Persians are the simplest in dress—the Turks and Kurds. The courage of the warlike tribes on the Persian frontier is admitted by all their enemies. There is no doubt as to it, and yet they do not affect the swagger of the Afghan. The Turkoman used to say "the courage of the Persian (by Persian they mean Kurd or Turk of the frontier) is much more lasting than the courage of the Afghan."

English travellers have been too apt to form their opinion of the Persians from the manner of Persian courtiers, hucksters, and servants.

One evening in the camp by the Murgab, sitting inside my tent, with one side of the fly open, I heard a soft voice in a melancholy, gentle strain, singing a pathetic Persian song. The voice came sighing in melody. It was a bright evening, the flowers had opened, the air was soft, there was peacefulness, brightness in nature, reproachful of the fierce ambitions and passions stirring men around us. The voice came sighing in breaths of melancholy. So soft a song, I thought, could only be of woman. Did I not know the camp, I could have fancied a lady—a free-born nomad—in distress sighing for help to some lover in the khirga, or to some saint in the desert. I looked around. The voice could not be of Afghan, and I had not heard such softness

of melody in Turkoman song. From the open tent I looked on all sides. The voice came sighing into the open tent. Right opposite, at a little distance, was a Negro grooming a horse. As he worked, his body swung from side to side, and each time he patted the horse he jerked out his limbs. The motions were extraordinary, as of a man wishing and striving to swim on the air, so that my attention became fixed on the Negro. The voice became louder, and the measure quicker, and the motions of the Negro faster. It suddenly flashed before me that the Negro was the songster and that he was beating the measure on the back of the horse. His voice rose in wailful accents and he commenced to dance round the horse and he danced round and round, faster and faster, with louder notes of lamentation, until he fell down, and I could hear his sobs as he lay. Sorrow so gentle, or, song so sad cannot be looked for amongst Afghan or even Turkoman. After a little time, I went over to the Negro. He lay sobbing on the ground and I asked why he sobbed and the cause of his distress. He raised his head from between his hands and said in a reproachful tone "What do you know of love?"—"Ishk."

The feelings of all of us, as we retired from the direction of Panjdeh were of anger, especially in the march away from Kila-Maur in a snow-storm across swollen streams and soft ground. There was about a foot of snow on the high ground near the ruins of Kila Maur.

Here on the further side of the river were the khirgas or kibitkas of Turkoman. I may give you a scene of Turkoman life. In the evening I went to photograph them. The men were all away, cultivating in the fields. There were no men. There were only women and children in the kibitkas at home. The women spoke to us as we stood at a

little distance respectfully. Modesty kept us from going right up to the doors of the khirgas, as there were no men to be seen, and Turkoman women, although they have no *purdah*, have to be treated with deference, for they are haughty. We told them we had come to see the khirgas, for we had heard there were none like them in the world, none such as they had, for we wished to please them. "Oh!" said they laughing, "these are only our travelling khirgas; they are nothing—"Bir-Shai-Yok," you ought to see our khirgas in Panjdeh. Have you not seen them?" they inquired with a look of pity for us, but of admiration for their own khirgas. They regretted that their husbands were away, and they were very much amused when they heard that we had no khirgas in our country. "They are very good," said a young woman. "You ought to take some away." We told them that we wanted to take a picture of the khirgas, and asked them if they had any objection. "No harm," said they. Then suggested Jassim. "And also of you." At this they laughed in a coy, amused way. To take a photograph, I went a little distance off, and the Turkoman ladies sent the children with us. They were very much amused and laughed very much, but in holding anything we gave them, they were very ready. One of those who came to look on was a girl of some 14 years old whom I was very anxious to photograph. She had the springy movements of a gazelle. She was not handsome, but her movements were so light, and as she tossed her head, Jassim said she was like a young filly; but we could never get her to remain in one place so as to take a photograph. Several times I focussed her with a group of children, but before I could uncap the lens, she had run off to the khirgas and then back again. I noticed that the children had not been washed in the morning, for their eyes

were still glued and foul at the corners, although the usual ablutions had been performed ; so afterwards in conversation, when I had taken photographs of the khirgas, I said to the ladies—"How is it that you do not teach the children to pray and to perform ablutions as all the people of Islam?" Thank God, "Alhumdi lillaah," said they, "we are Mussulman, but we are very busy." Jassim, who was always anxious to taste bread, wanted to buy some bread ; but they would not sell any, although they would, and did give each of us a little. "We will not sell bread," said the Turkoman ladies, "but we will give to the traveller." In the afternoon light warm rain commenced to fall. A gentle dew seemed to descend in the bright warm sunshine. While walking back over one of the banks above the river margin I saw pheasants out feeding on the lawns between the reeds. All rose, except one magnificent cock, and he kept walking up and down. He looked so beautiful, and seemed so brave and happy—the golden plumage and silver wings so bright amidst the dry reeds as he looked towards us—that I had not the heart to fire, and I watched him pecking at the earth refreshed and drinking the gentle moisture, as we walked away.

Let me introduce you to a kibitka in which I lived for some time, and of which I give photographs. One is a photograph of our Mission "Rearie," skilful in taming horses, and another is a photograph of a Turkoman and myself in front of my own kibitka. Our kibitkas were not so comfortable as those of the Turkoman, for the simple reason that they were erected by men and not by women who only are accustomed to erect them. Let us enter the kibitka of a man who is wealthy. The opening which makes the door is closed by a thick heavy *purdah*. Inside

the *purdah* are doors which can be fastened from the inside. On looking inside you see what appear to be hat-stands constructed from the branches of a tree. On these stands are weapons and many things. Looking round the dwelling, you see sacks full of wheat and barley, and on the top of the sacks are folded the bedding, for the inside of the kibitka must be clear during the day. Underneath the sacks are pieces of wood. A large box, strongly made and ornamented—of Russian manufacture, may also be observed. This box contains jewellery and precious articles, for ornaments of gold and silver and precious stones they have. You will also see hold-alls full of implements and materials for making carpets and for sewing. A traveller from India will observe that the cooking pots are of iron, so that the Turkoman are not as wise, nor will they give attention to the cleansing of copper vessels as the people of India. The carpets are made by women, and, like the women of all nomad tribes, the Turkoman women are all industrious and very quick-witted. They are ready to adopt any idea which they can see to be of any use. The secret of the beautiful colours used in the carpets is—time—the wool is exposed after it has been dyed for a year in sun and shade. A Turkoman carpet will remain the same for hundreds of years, unchanged, for all the working in it is well and surely done. A very fair cotton cloth is also made by the Turkoman. The dyes and the silk coats they wear come from Bokhara and Khiva. The coloured chintzes which are so much used in coats and in the lining of "chogas" appear to be of Russian make.

It is unjust to write of the Turkoman as being dirty; they wash their mouths in the early morning before eating, and they wash after all acts of pollution. They are cleaner than the poor of any country in Europe except Turkey.

Ladies who wear shoes with tiny heels need not think they are following a custom which is only known in Europe, and which is followed only by ladies. We are from time to time condemning the small heels of the ladies of Europe. Alas ! in Asia, in the deserts, small heels—smaller than the smallest heel in the gayest cities of Europe—are worn by the fiercest of the manhunters—the Turkoman.

I shall show you the boots, one pair of which I wore in the cold winter by the Murgab in 1885. As you shall see, the heels are smaller than the heels on any boot of any lady in this meeting. It often occurred to us to ask why the boots have such small heels. The people themselves say boots and heels have always been so; it is the custom, the fashion. The reason, I think, must be this, and it occurred to me while walking in the soft earth—(the mud)—into which the plains seem to melt after rain, to give a surer footing in the wet ground ; and Dr. Aitchison, the naturalist, a man of great observation, thought so too. It is only on wet and soft ground one can firmly walk in these boots, but in soft ground it is possible to walk surely. Ladies who wear boots with small heels may take comfort to themselves, that some of the finest races in the world do not merely walk, remember, but live in boots with small heels, and in these boots and on small heels they hunt, not only animals, but men.

Showing how general many ideas of adornment are in different races, I give the instance of the bustle. On the frontiers of Persia we see ladies doing what ladies in Europe do through the bustle. The appliances for this are simpler than in Europe. They are merely putting on many skirts, and with many skirts comes the peculiar gait.

I have never been able to ascertain whether this gait was due to training or to the many dresses. At any rate, the object is to display the effect of the expansion. There is no doubt that, be the name what it may, the idea of the bustle has come from Africa, and that this conception of beauty has spread from Africans to the fairer races of Asia and Europe.

Notwithstanding the intense cold and the great changes of climate during that winter in Turkistan, some of the Brahmin clerks with the Afghan Mission not only did not eat flesh, but they would not wear posteens ; it is true that they wore a large quantity of other clothing. One of them in the Commissariat wore a heap of coats, piled one over the other, but he wore so many coats more as a luxury than for fear of the cold. His was one of the happiest faces to be seen in the Mission Camp on the coldest evening. I have seen him as merry as on a sunny day in India, much warmer in face than myself. To see him on a cold freezing day in his office with a great bundle of clothes on and merry in face and voice, when most people were dried up from the cold wind, was a treat, and it always made me happy, especially when he showed me coat after coat that he had on. I did not know of this clothes' distension until he showed me all the coats, lifting one after the other, that he had on. Until then I took him to be a huge corpulent man. I do not think there was any one with the Mission who bore the cold better than he did—this Brahmin from Lahore. The Artist boy endured the cold and the startling change of life in a different way. He bore bravely and cheerfully against the cold for a long time without a posteen. But at last he gave way. He first ventured on a posteen coat. The first

time I saw him he hid his face for shame. I had been encouraging him to bear up and to remain a vegetarian. His appearance in a posteen was most comical. He had a string round his waist; to this string was a little bag containing a few luxuries; round his waist was yet another string, and to this was attached a sketch book, for he was an Artist, and on his head a nightcap well worn. After a time he added gloves.

After leaving the hot waters of "Shahan-i-Gurm-Ab," we came to the mountains of Mozduran, of which more will be heard in a few years. We never left any place which we wished to leave so much as Dir Bend in crossing the ancient boundary between Iran and Turan. As Jassim said, "Awldeek, Awldeek," we were "killed, killed" by the flies, and said the Persians, "Kushteh shudem," "Killed entirely." We had suffered dreadfully. Our hands and ears were bleeding, and the horses were streaming with blood and frantic. The fly was a brown fly—a horse fly—and bit us everywhere, and bit through our thick trousers. The horses were so excited that we had to do more for them than for ourselves. We fled up the hill above the Dir Bend, and except the few flies feeding on us, all disappeared as we galloped up the hill. The horses of the soldiers at the Dir Bend were bandaged all over in "numads," and their heads were covered with fringes of cloth attached to the head-stalls. The horses of the travellers we met on the way were also swathed in "numads" in the same manner, and very curious they looked. The Persians said the flies would kill the horses if they could only attack them.

Let me give you a scene near Sarruks. Crossing the river near Sarruks is a dangerous quicksand. I saw a

goat in the sand. Many men had pulled at the goat, but had not pulled the suffering animal out; only the legs and lower portion of the body were in the sand, and yet the animal could not be dragged out. A man, a Persian Turk who was with me, went in and we had difficulty in pulling him out.

At Yaztepeh a most striking illustration of the baneful effects of the north wind, which even at this season—the late summer—chills, was given us. We had been shown old and young people disabled through sleeping in currents of this poisonous north breath as they call it, and we doubted whether their disabilities could have arisen from exposure to the wind; but near Yaztepeh we had a convincing proof of the potency of the north wind. The horse Mr. Finn was riding became suddenly lame, and the muscles of the forearm were as completely paralyzed as if their junctions had been severed by a knife.

The existence at Chacha, close to the Russian frontier, of patches of fertility amidst barrenness indicates what can be accomplished on the banks of every stream in Khorassan. The conservancy of tree-life would effect a complete change in the condition and climate of the country. The opium crop at Chacha, as we had noticed in other portions of the Frontier, was almost a failure. This was ascribed to the late rains; but little labour is bestowed in cultivating the drug at Chacha.

On the way to Khelat-i-Nadiri I stopped at Karategin. The gardens at Karategin are very large and carefully tended. Here we ate for the first time luscious apricots—a rich delicious fruit—delicious—sweet and acid flavour, but dangerous, as the Kurds told us, unless eaten at the proper time in the afternoon. I made many inquiries, and all

the people said that apricots must not be eaten in the morning, and that if eaten, they cause congestion of the liver. Well, I doubted and tried, and in the early morning did as the people said ought not to be done, and the result was what the people said and what I had heard—disturbance of the liver with febrile effects.

Let me give an account of my practice as a doctor. In the morning I had to attend the lady of the Khetkuda and all the ladies in Karategin in ill-health. To prepare for so auspicious a morning, I was invited to breakfast and to spend the day with the Khetkuda and the notables. They said to me many were ill, and the reward and opportunity of reward in heaven—"sawab"—was great. These ladies, like their husbands, are brave and resolute. The reader may think the day a happy one on which so many ladies, who had never shown their loveliness before to men other than relatives, were to be seen and to be heard. I leave the reader in that happy delusion. The reader thinks of shrinking beauty, wishing to speak but ashamed, desiring to look but afraid, hoping for liberty but shrinking like a bulbul beating against the Harem bars. Such is the picture of a Muslim lady in Turk land drawn for British readers. Now let me speak the truth, telling that which I may tell, treated with confidence, "like a father or like a brother." These ladies are "Nejeeb," as an unfortunate traveller, who would be a *hukim*, discovered on this Khorassan Frontier, and when roused, would think as little of seeing a man killed as of seeing a fowl's throat cut. There is much of the panther in their gentleness. First comes a lady in the prime of life, received with much honour. She is a lady respected, of much influence, ruling her house and her husband followed by several female servants and slaves. She is

simple and natural, and has a kindly look, and affects less hesitation in sitting before me and in telling me of her health and of little episodes and portions of her life, for from health to other matters is natural—than some of the servants. She first commences by expressing regret at the trouble she has given me and telling me with an expressive look that they can never forget so much kindness and that they will give me the best reward which women can give—prayers. They will pray for me, and fortunate am I in having people to pray for me. But the good lady having told me of her many sufferings, and cried at the recollection of some others and her eyes filled with tears, commenced to question me; and this questioning, of which there has been more or less from the beginning of the visit, is deliberately followed with the object of examining me—a sort of inspection to ascertain whether I am a *tubeeb* of any good, from whose advice good can come. The whole conversation is merely an examination by the fair lady, and the fame of the *tubeeb* depends on the opinion she forms. If she forms a favourable opinion, the medicine of the *tubeeb* will be taken and advice followed. If she does not form a favourable opinion, the medicine will not be touched. I saw along the Frontier a quantity of medicine which had been given to the people. They would not use it. They had not confidence. During this trial, which lasts more than an hour, I am regaled with tea and all the delicacies which the ladies of Karategin can make; but the examination lasts more than one hour. How is the lady dressed? Simply, but for indoor admirably—trousers with dress reaching down below the knees half way to ankles, modest and simple for the house. When she first came, she had a silk *chadder* over her head and drawn across under the eyes. This has now

fallen back and gracefully rustles on each side of the lady. Others are dressed in the same way. Some come with trousers and socks in one piece. The poorer come without trousers, but wear petticoats—longer than the fashion in Teheran. Having finished the examination of the *tubeeb*, the lady tells me of the complaints of others sitting near her, and she now rises and sits on one side, so that other sufferers may come closer and tell of their troubles. The trial of the *tubeeb* lasts for hours, for these ladies are clever and much less credulous than their sisters in cities.

Most of the people with us had been made sick by the delicious apricots of Karategin ; however not only the people but the animals were ill, and most seriously of all two greyhounds were grievously suffering from phagedænic ulcers. The old dog, of Herat breed, was not ill, but Mukmal, also of Herat breed—long silky-haired and young, very beautiful, and much liked by all, for she was very affectionate, was ill from ulcers on the toes. Melli, the elder, of Beluch breeding—the short-haired, thin-coated greyhound,—had an ulcer on the buttocks. Mukmal first went lame. We thought her feet were sore from the hot road, and every one was sorry for little Mukmal, for she was a great favourite. She was so playful and so beautiful and had such long white silky hair. She was the most beautiful type of the Herat greyhound—the type of the long-haired.

Ever since the famous judgment of the Cazi, for we had appealed from the judgment of Major Durand to the Cazi—who did justice and gave a decision in favour of the Munshi—we appealed from British to Afghan justice—she was regarded with the greatest affection by all with me. We examined her feet, and saw little white specks and ulcers between the toes. In two days the white sores had become

ragged ulcers, and in three days the sinews were hanging like rags, and the bones exposed. Her feet were destroyed ; poor Mukmal ! she could run no more. The other young greyhound, Melli, was also attacked. In Melli the disease appeared in the buttocks. We noticed Melli biting at his buttocks and hiding in the shade of trees. I commenced treatment at once—the cautery, a tent peg, red-hot. It was a funny sight to see Mahomed Hadi, the most generous of men, with a tent peg—red-hot applying it to Melli. Again and again the disease came on, and again and again the tent peg was applied. The cautery is the only treatment. The disease only affects young dogs, and is very common in the country. The dogs were tormented by the flies, and always hid in the darkest corners from the flies. This is the first indication that dogs are ill. This is the reason why Arabs like to keep horses in a subdued light.

It is strange that in Central Asia dogs' ears are always cropped. They believe that the cropping of the ears sharpens the sense of hearing. It is still more strange that the ears are roasted and given to the dogs to eat, and they eat them cheerfully—love their own flesh much, as I was told ; so that dogs eat their own ears in Central Asia.

As I am one of the few Europeans who have entered and lived in Khelat-i-Nadiri, it may interest you if I describe it. You may remember General Valentine Baker entered it, and it is one of the places Mr. Curzon wished to see. Our way lay up the valley some fifteen miles, close to the wall of Khelat, and as we marched on, we ascended and crossed hills. The way lay generally W.-N.-W. On the Khelat side the fields were ploughed. On the first ascent the barometer descended to 25°. We then descended and saw the bright stream flowing to the Argawanshah Pass and halted, for per-

mission to enter Khelat is granted to none without inquiry. We examined curiously the Pass guarded by towers and a bridge on which sentries paced. The barometer registered 26°. We had tents placed near the Pass on a knoll over the water. The officer in charge of the guard, a grave, kindly Turk, came to see us and to invite us to have tea and to show us all the kindness he could. Before our Sumovars were boiling, and being " musafirs "—to all our retinue fasting was not lawful, and good cheer was at all times " Halal "—boiling Sumovars, bright and glowing, were brought over from the guard house. Persians can make themselves and their guests comfortable although they may have no chairs or tables. Considering that all were fasting, this kindly welcome of these soldiers was kindly and came from kindly hearts, for on the afternoon of fasting rest is wished for. The Yuz Bashi, like many in Khelat, was in ill-health.

At 3 P.M. the thermometer told 72°. It was much cooler than at Shori, the last place. While waiting for an invitation to enter, we examined the walls on each side of this curious way to the gorge. It would have been difficult to climb them. Outside, the hills were precipitous ; inside, as we afterwards saw, they were not so steep; the sides of the gorge were worn, and boulders of soft rock lay below. The Yuz Bashi was a man of much information, and showed us signs of the ravages of flood and of age and the works of man to make wide the way of Argawanshah. He said to us " a goat cannot cross the hills or escape or enter except by this way or by the other ways or passages." After some time a warm invitation came from the Serteep to Finn (his old friend) and his friends—the Nawab Saheb (an old friend too) and myself—to enter. The invitation was carried to us by an officer with much cere-

mony, and we rode in cheerfully and eagerly, for we were eager to see the inside of this memorable place of arms. The guard saluted, and we marched round the hills following the way sometimes between hedges and sometimes past houses and above little houses to the quarters of the Serteep by the Musjid of Nadir—fluted—organ-shaped building as it seemed. We were received by the Serteep most warmly and conducted to an awning at the far end of the garden, and under the tent we were hospitably cared for. Although in the Ramzan, tea and many luxuries were ready for us. The Serteep was busy during this evening as the post went out, although he was fasting. We were given comfortable little rooms—between two gardens—mud and brick built. The palaces of Nadir were deserted, and none would live in them, preferring the little rooms or tents in the gardens to the spacious and deserted palaces. Even the Musjid is not used for prayer,—closed it was and silent; as a Turk said to us, like Nadir its time had passed. I often went inside. In the gardens and by the little streams of running water under the willow trees the Persians were happy. It was delightful—the green grass and the running water, but so much life and so much water were fateful as the pallid looks of the people told us. As we were tired, and probably required rest, the Persians considerately thought of it. We were allowed to leave the tent in the garden after an excellent dinner.

The dress of the women, except that it was thick and warm, was like the dress of Zoroastrian women in Bombay. The lady who entertained me in one village in Khelat was dressed much as a Parsee lady in her own house—a short jacket and wide trousers. This was the only place in Khorassan where I had seen women dressed in this way.

Looking at the village women, one would think they were from their dress Zoroastrians. The dress is a good working one. Near Astrabad, as I saw, the women are still more practical than the ladies of Khelat. To my amazement I saw them dressed as men, with tight jackets about as long as a "stable" jacket and tight trousers all of thick wool, caps or turbans on their heads, for such is their dress when they go into the woods after cattle; and the men told me that this dress was the best for the forest, and that the thick warm clothes keep rain and damp off; and it was considered by the men the best dress for women. It was only possible to distinguish the women because their jackets were shorter.

One day it was arranged we should see the Dir-i-Naphtha, the great pass on the Russian side opening to the Russian frontier. In the morning we sent on our tents to near the same village where I had stopped the night before, and in the evening the Serteep and Finn and I rode over to the river. From the river the Dir-i-Naphtha was further off than we thought. The way to the pass led across hills some 100 ft. high. The ascent was over hills. We crossed the river to the pass at Dir-i-Naphtha. Across the pass is a bridge on arches. The guard turned out on the bridge—a very pretty scene it was. Above the bridge are two towers; outside on a ledge there is a fort armed with one gun,—in bad position it seemed. The hills outside this pass are lower than the hills above the Argawanshah Pass, and the pass shorter. We now passed out into the valley—neutral ground they told us, on which Persians are not allowed to grow rice. Riding round hills and down the valley we came to a gorge. From the left side of the gorge a spring of sulphur water came flowing out in a stream from under rock.

Proceeding further across wet ground and across a stream we came to a large stream of sulphur water; we smelt the sulphur long before the stream was seen; the smell was very strong and very offensive. Under the rock where the stream issues was a pool of water and a deposit of sulphur on the rocks; suspended across the pool were banners and pieces of cloth, and curiously on the rock above the water was placed a cradle with a globule of quicksilver—the wish of some mother to brighten her home. This pass is not so strong as the other pass I have described and could be forced easily. We returned late at night to Camp.

Khelat is not so strong a place as it has been supposed to be. It is a more difficult place to get out of than into. There are a great many more ways across the hills girdling Khelat than people think. It may be remembered that Khelat was surprised after the death of Nadir. There would be little difficulty in taking Khelat.

The commandant or Serteep was a Turk from Hamadan and a fine soldier. He was fond of a good joke and could tell a good story. One of his orderlies was most amusing; he was always saying the wrong thing and doing the most funny things.

We left Khelat and camped by a mountain stream. It was pleasing during the day to repose and read in the shade, in the noise of the water, or in the tent. When the sun was highest, I liked to be alone. The Serteep facetiously described my retreat as "Dir Murakabat." Now this is applied to that state of profound religious contemplation in which it is impossible to say whether the pious thinker is awake or asleep.

After leaving Khelat I saw wild geese of a black colour. Near the village of Kooshebad we halted in a little space, round which a wall had been built and around which grew

lofty poplar trees and past which rippled streams of water. This lovely retreat in the plain from the hot sun seemed to me to be a place of prayer. While we were there country-people with sickles that seemed to be English came up and sat down too, and they commenced to make themselves happy. They had no pipes with them, but they had tobacco, and they made in the earth a pipe in the most ingenious manner and had a smoke. They first made a hole in the ground, and from this hole, with pieces of stone and brick, they made a pipe or channel under the ground, and to the mouth of this channel they applied their mouths and smoked, having lit the tobacco in the hole. It was very ingenious, and they said it gave them more pleasure in travelling than a Kalian.

Most of the people of Meshud, including women, use opium and hence the colour of their skin is yellow. Women anxious to be married give their names to good men who may be called marriage agents, and they have no other business than to give in marriage. The Persians are a sensible people. In the city there is a "Musafirkhaneh" and cook-house, where every pilgrim can obtain food for 3 days free, and the food is good and even luxurious, but to each Arab pilgrim 10 "krans"—more or less according to the income of the shrine—besides food is given. Throughout Islam the Arabs have many privileges. There are 700 (servants or) persons who serve the shrine, and each wears on his hat the metallic insignia or monogram, an order of honour. Some of the bazaars in the city are covered over. The city is clean, but the ground is damp. There is much water. In the main thoroughfare are water-stands for the passer-by. The shrine of the Huzrut Imam has two doors, at which stand the attendants who receive from every pilgrim

articles, such as shoes, which must be left outside. The floor is of marble, the walls are of enamelled tiles ; there are many lamps with silver or gold chains. The tomb is in the middle of the dome ; around the tomb is a silver case (pinjra). To the shrine Nadir Shah presented one of the largest turquoises in the world. Some say it has a flaw ; it is high up beneath an arch and difficult to see ; but if it was not a good one, it would not have been given by Nadir to the "Jai-i-Imam." That we may be sure of.

The Persians on the Khorassan frontier consider fruit to be unwholesome in the morning ; they were horrified when they saw me eating fruit in the morning and begged of me not to do so, for that I should suffer from fever; I did do so and suffered from fever. The belief is general throughout Khorassan that the consumption of fruit is followed by fever, and that fever is the more certain and the more malignant as the time the fruit is taken ; there must certainly be some cause for so general a belief. It is probable that the fruit causes indigestion, that the disturbance of the digestive functions excites fever. The fever of Khorassan is a most malignant febrile ; the cold stage lasts for over 5 hours, and the re-action afterwards is very intense ; some forms of the fever in the prolongation of the cold stage might be mistaken for cholera. The people understand that the valleys are more unhealthy than the high country, and that the unhealthiness is connected with waterlogging of the valleys. The Khan of Bujnurd had been obliged to build underground for rain water a large drain around the city. He found that there was a decrease of fever after the construction of the drain and that the city became more healthy. The people too understood it and spoke to me of it, asking for an opinion as to whether there could be any connection. At my suggestion he made

arrangements for other lines of storm-water or subsoil drainage ; the great drain the Khan has built communicates the stream flowing from the Bujnurd valley ; descending to the lower plains, the drainage then follows the incline of the valley. The Khan saw the necessity of removing the obstructions created by dams for irrigation in order to relieve the moisture pressure of the valley. I believe the great cause of the unhealthiness of the Khorassan valleys is excessive moisture or rather stagnation of the subsoil water in cultivated areas. You have aridness on the mountain slopes, wetness and saturation in the valleys ; the saturation from streams and from mountain springs in some of the valleys and the waste—fruitless of water, is enormous in a country whose prosperity skirts and lines the streams of water. The system of irrigation around Bujnurd was far the best I have seen in Khorassan, and I believe it was ascribable to the influence and the taste for constructive works of the Khan. He had a garden house not far from the garden given for our residence ; we lived in a summer palace of the chief Hanum ; in front was a high fountain in the middle of a large basin. I was struck with the huge stream of water from the fountain, and I made inquiries as to how the water for so much display was obtained ; the Khan took me to see the little water works he had constructed ; I found the water was all waste from irrigation of a village higher up ; the streams were collected in one and led through an oval cemented channel—not bad for a border chief and the fiercest raider in Persia, down to a sump ; from this cavity, an overflow, oval, underground drain carried the water to the fountain ; the stream of water above the sump was sluiced. The chief has much ambition in building ; but it is difficult for him

to find workmen to put into form his ideas ; like all the frontier people he is ready to adapt anything he finds of use.

N————, who had been in England for many years, was complaining of the way in which Persians had been attacked in the Press and in books by British travellers who had travelled through Persia ; he said "Why is it that you abuse us, and we do our best to please you. I hear your people always praising the Afghans, and yet the Afghans whom you praise will not allow you into their country. You see your friends, the Afghans, will not allow you, who have made them a power and to whom they owe everything, to travel in any Afghan-ruled country. If we were as eager to cut your throats as the Afghans, you would like us better. Take care it may come to that."

A traveller hears of Persian officials who are remembered long after they have passed away, either on account of their ability or of their eccentricity ; one of the eccentric officials was the Governor of a certain province, and many amusing stories are told of him. He had a Negro slave or servant called Firoz, and some of the best of the stories are about Firoz and conversations between the Governor and Firoz—this slave. One story is this, and I was told it by a Persian who was present. He went one day to see the Governor ; after tea had been served and Kalians had been brought, the Governor summons Firoz ; the slave appears ; "Firoz," says the Governor in a high tone (he spoke in a feminine voice), "what shall I do ? Shall I work or shall I repose ?" "As you wish, it is your pleasure," said Firoz ; "Khub : good, go away Firoz;" after half an hour the Governor again calls out "Firoz;" the slave appears. "Firoz, shall I work or shall I not work ?" Firoz again replied, "As you wish, it is

your pleasure." "Khub-bi-rweed," said the Governor, "good, go away Firoz." After another half an hour the Governor again calls out "Firoz," the slave comes; the Governor inquires "Firoz, shall I work or shall I repose?" Firoz again replied, "As you wish, it is your pleasure;" "Good! Firoz," said the Governor, "Khub-bi-rweed, good, go away." Until the sun was disappearing and the time of evening prayer was approaching, every half hour the Governor summoned Firoz and besought of him advice whether he should work or sleep. Then as the day was passing away, the Governor cried out, "Firoz, what time is it"? Firoz comes, looks at his watch and replies, "It is the time of prayer." The Governor exclaims, "Afsoos! Alas! Firoz, I have neither worked nor have I reposed, Afsoos! Firoz! Afsoos, and the day has gone." And yet this Governor, strange as his ways and discipline may appear to Europeans, is remembred by the people of Asterabad as a watchful and sagacious official. He knew, they say, the character and manner of life of everybody. This knowledge of the people under their rule is possessed in an eminent degree by most Persian officials within their Government. Here is a scene on the frontier during a journey of the Shah.

The Shah had given orders that no one should be prevented from coming to him; a Kurd with an old coat and a big hat with some others came up to the Shah. The Shah said to him kindly, "Oh! uncle, where did you find this hat and 'Kaba.'" The villager did not reply, but turning round spoke in Kurdi to the people behind and took no notice of the Shah. The Shah was astonished and the fearless bearing of the Kurd pleased him. The Shah then inquired after his health and said, "Present me your hat and I will give you a horse." The Kurd took off his hat with

one hand and said, "Beegir wah bedih" (take and give). The Shah was much pleased and laughed and gave the man a present in gold and a horse, but the Kurd was astonished on seeing the gold and asked the Shah, "Why do you give me this gold?" Then the Shah entered into conversation with the Kurd about the country and inquired carefully after the treatment of the cultivators and nomads. The Shah, not far from Kuchan, arrived in a valley in which were encamped nomads and halted in front of their tents. He was much amused at their ways, but the nomads did not pay the least attention to him. One of the nomads, an old man, was sitting by the side of an old woman in front of a tent mending shoes. The Shah rode up in front of them and said—"Oh! uncle, if you have any bread—'Nan'—give me some." The nomad—"Neh" (I have none). The Shah inquired, "What are you doing." The nomad replied, "Nothing" ('heech'), "I am repairing my shoes," and he went on sewing his shoes. The Shah inquired, "Do you want money." He answered, "Neh" (I want none). The Shah laughed and rode off, but gave a present before he went. The Shah, all the people said, was a gallant fellow—of great courage and endurance. These frontier people liked him personally.

The Khan of Kuchan had a humorous, and what might be called a jovial face. He was a genial and hospitable chief. The Khan received me in a garden in which was a tent. In countenance he was different to most of the people of the country, and his bright eyes and prominent nose indicated that he was a man of action. The tent was very pretty, for the Khan had fine taste, and in his own dress and his dwelling he was refined. He was dressed neatly and with much care to receive us. He wore gloves.

I had seen only one other soldier wearing gloves since leaving India—our old friend, the Rissaldar-Major. The tent was in pretty green and red patterns ; across an opening at the back were light screens. The walls around the garden were elegantly constructed, and adorned and looked as if carved stone were thrown out in relief above the "Ahuk" or plaster in many and elegant designs. It was an elegant retreat to the "Underun." Each design seemed to be different. The Chief was most genial, and on this our first visit entertained us hospitably, and his hospitality was natural. There is no man on the frontier whose hospitality is more generous than the Shujah-ud-Douleh, and I must protest against the ungrateful and ungenerous words of one British traveller. The Chief told us amusing stories about travellers who had come to Kuchan, and his stories of British travellers were particularly good, and how they tried to outwit him.

The disturbance of the digestion produced by feasting on melons has, I believe, led the Persians to ascribe a fever-exciting influence to melons; in a fever tract or in any disorder of the health the eating of melons is likely to be followed by febrile effects. A debauch on melons is a serious affair ; they speak of it as being more dangerous than excess in drinking wine. In India the "kherboozeh" is also regarded as a fruit somewhat dangerous, in whose eating "perheez" or caution is necessary, or, in other words, it must not be eaten at all times or in large quantities. I can myself testify that on two occasions I was warned not to eat "kherboozeh." I did not attend to the warnings, and on both occasions the day after eating I suffered from violent fever, which attacked me with intermitting severity for several days. Had it not been for the generous

and skilful treatment I received at the Russian Consulate, Resht, from Mons. and Madame Vlasseau, I should on one occasion have died. On the Caspian shores a traveller who eats of fruit before he has become acclimatized is, so the people say, sure to be attacked with fever and may die, or, as they say, he may eat to die. The fruit in Bujnurd had a fragrant mellowness, the fragrance of the rose and apple from each dripping slice melting in redolence. With such fragrance and delicacy there will not be satiation.

The Persians understand that the most tender flesh is that of the animal freshly killed and cooked at once for the table. Lamb dressed immediately after being killed is more tender than it will ever be after being kept. This is one of the reasons, I believe, why meat in Persia is so tender and why Persian cooking is considered so good. There is also another important reason—the cleanliness of the Persian cooks in their persons and in their manner of cooking. Their hands and clothes are clean, and they look upon cleanliness around the position and at the moment of cooking as a sort of religious rite. It is very interesting to watch a Persian cook proceeding to cook. He first, even in the cold weather, removes the outer travel-stained garments which are more or less dirty, and then either changes his inner clothing or carefully brushes all dust or dirt away from them, and shakes them. He next deliberately washes his hands and mouth carefully, and this cleansing he never omits where water can be obtained, and the more religious a Mussulman he is, the more carefully he performs it. Therefore, always encourage devotion in a Mussulman, and especially in a cook. He then examines the food to be cooked in a serious frame of mind and with a grateful heart, thanking the great God for His mercy

and the meal provided, and proceeds to the dressing of the food.

I do not wish to follow the bad example of Bookmakers and give the names of genial hosts when I tell what they might not like. A breakfast with the Khan of —— is a tremendous affair. It begins about 10 A.M. and lasts, it may be, until the next morning. The number of dishes are many, and the quantity of liquor is great. The Khan lives in great state. There is magnificence in his entertainments, but severe simplicity in other ways of life. His food is of the most dainty delicacies to be found far and near, and yet this old Chief in many ways leads a life of hard simplicity in cheerfulness that Europeans would not. He thinks nothing of sleeping out, in any weather, on a mountain side with nothing under him but a felt. I never understood the descriptions which the Emperor Beber gave of the revelries that he loved until I had seen the life of the Khan of ——. Here I saw the revelling and feasting with the respect for rank and order in the feast at its highest which Beber described. Here I saw men in the feast on a level of natural and perfect equality, but, however exalted and excited by drink, never forgetting the forms of respect paid while sober to those older or higher in rank. Relatives, however near, addressed and approached the Chief with all the forms of respectful, but not servile, salutation. There is an innate manliness in the people. They are courteous and respectful, but they expect to be treated with courtesy. They will resent discourtesy. The organization of the people on the frontier is almost the ideal state of society described by Ruskin. There is no sense of social inferiority. If a man is rich, it is his "kismet"; if he is poor, it is also his "kismet." There is a natural

dependence between the rich and the poor. The Chiefs have to attach their followers. The union is voluntary, controlled by a public feeling that the Chief cannot oppose; at peace honest, at war knowing only the power of the sword—religious in the sense of resignation to the inevitable, but not fanatical; as they used to say, "Esai ba din-i-khod." The attendance at the Khan's breakfast is a curious one. It would make the hair of a European Khan rise to see the republicanism—the social equality—of this Asiatic Chief and his dependents. He selects the choicest pieces for his guests, and the delicacies are numerous. Perhaps there are twenty dishes. Let me recommend two of them. A delicious "seek kubab," with bits of fat of a sweetness exquisitely sweet that melt in the mouth like butter between each bit; the sweetness is not nauseous. The fat is from the "dumba," the large-tailed sheep of Persia—a most delicious meat. And the second is "Kajar Kubab-Pilao," a most delicious dish. The rice is roasted, but not burned. The flesh of the newly killed lamb is cooked with it. The rice and flesh, soft as cream, but cased in crispy covering, tender, parting in the juiciness of its fulness, form a fragrant redolent mass of daintiness. Large bowls of "dhog"—curds are placed on the table. The roast fowl is excellently cooked, the flesh so tender that it parts with the gentlest touch of the fingers, but in its freshness untainted. Khorassan wine is passed round, but finer vintage is coming. The older men have been sipping the stimulating arrack in wine glasses, and now appear bottles of good brandy, brought in by attendants with many wine glasses.

The residence of the Chief of Bujnurd is approached through a bright garden of lilies and roses. The culture is

rather to secure colour effects than the arrangement of flower beds. In the garden the Chief has erected a new building, dome-shaped. Now a summer-evening house, it may be a tomb. Here we see, in an early stage, the domed structures of wonderful beauty created by Turk conquerors in India. It is most interesting to study the ideals in construction the Saham-ud-doulah has himself created. With better workmen he would raise beautiful structures and adorn Bujnurd. But he is also a designer in useful work—in channels to carry the mountain waters to the city.

The Chief gave an excellent breakfast, or dinner, cooked either in the Persian or French mode. Persian cooking is exceedingly good, but of that more hereafter. Sometimes in the evenings we were received in rooms looking on to an open space in which a fountain played. We used to sit round the fountain in the private rooms of the Chief. The hospitality of the Saham-ud-doulah was generous and natural, and as we sat of evenings talking together, the conversation of the Chief was very interesting. But he never spoke of his own deeds, although friend and foe said there was no better nor braver horseman on the frontier. The Saham-ud-doulah has a great reputation for courage and skill in frontier warfare. Looking at the amiable Chief, so quiet and gentle in manner, generally so silent, no one would think he was the fiercest raider on the frontier, whose name was known far and wide as relentless in raid and pursuit. Outside the garden of bright flowers and the new palace was a tall pole. This pole looked like a high flagstaff, in which were niches and many pins and nails—huge, blood-coloured and rusted nails. I asked the Khan if this pole was the flagstaff on which the great black flag of Bujnurd fluttered on great occasions. "It is the flag-

staff on which were illuminated Turkoman heads," replied the Khan. A year or two ago, or even less, there were always heads or portions of heads on that pole, and still I could see hair clot glued to the wood. It is only a year or so since Turkoman heads were regularly taken. "You know," said the Khan, "a year or so makes a great change in one's disposition. I do not now like to see a head, and yet not many months ago it was not so. It is all custom," musingly thought the Saham-ud-doulah. No doubt it is. "It is very curious," said the Chief, "that the people of Kuchan and Bujnurd, although of the same race and living so close together, have never been of the same disposition, and have never been able to agree." These Kurds do not quarrel often; but if they do, they fight. They are in physique the finest type of peasantry. There is every type of face amongst them. Some of the men of influence around the Chiefs were once slaves captured in raids. One of them, a Turkoman of the Tek-ke tribe, whose photograph you see, told me that his mother came to see him and entreated him to go back and live with her. To please his mother he went, but he said he could not now live as a nomad and he came back to Kuchan.

I was astonished to see soda-water on the sideboard brought all the way from the Russian Camp at Askabad. How delicious soda-water is to one who has for long not tasted it!

All the frontier people value horses according to the amount of Arab blood which they have. The Kurds in the hills say that the Turkoman horses are useless for hard ground, as their feet are too soft. The Kurds look on the Turkoman horses as useless for the hills. For the plains,

they say, the Turkoman horse is better than the Kurd. The Kurds say that there is no man braver than a Turkoman if he wants to fight, and no horse swifter than a Turkoman in the desert. There is a great deal of misunderstanding about the training of Turkoman horses. Even so careful an observer as General Valentine Baker was misled by interpreters. Baker Pasha was still one of the few European travellers—for nothing can be worse than the character of European travellers on the frontier—kindly spoken of. It is painful to hear the contemptuous way in which most travellers are spoken of. The system of training the Turkoman horse is a system which we know here in Bombay. The animal is first reduced in flesh, and then fed with fatty food.

I must say something on the subject of turquoises. Let no one suppose that because in Persia they are near one of the few turquoise mines in the world, they can find turquoises cheap. In Persia good turquoises are dearer than in India. The reason is because Persians have the same taste as Europeans, and esteem only the colour—the delicate blue tint—which Europeans place value on ; and a Persian, if he can, will wear only a good turquoise. In India different races have different tastes. Towards the North, people like stones of a green colour. The price depends on the colour and the seller. Any one intending to collect turquoises ought to have a good stone as a specimen. It is impossible without a good stone to form an opinion. Dealers never exhibit good and bad stones together. If they did, they could not sell the bad ones. The value depends on the hue and on the sensibility. It is very easy to tell stones that are likely to lose colour, or, as they say, are "kham" (unripe). The tinge of these stones always reminded me of the colour of human beings who live not in the open air. Near to the

tomb of the Imam Riza in Meshud is a large turquoise, nearly the size of an ostrich egg. Some say it has a flaw. It was presented by Nadir, Shah. But if it was not a good one, Nadir would not have presented it.

I now come to the use of opium. One of my men was united in Meshud to a wife with one eye and badly marked with small-pox, as the Pathan boy spitefully told the secret, for, having gone to see Jassim, he found him at meals with his wife. Jassim's friends were much amused at the revelations of the boy. This lady smoked opium, and, with the usual influence of women, she persuaded her husband to try the pipe of Theriak. And he tried, and learned so well that we could not make out what in the world was the matter with Jassim, once so sprightly and lively, and loud voiced, and now become so drowsy and silent ; and as I used to see him nodding for hours on a seat, I inquired what had happened to him, for I thought he was ill, and he confessed, for he could not keep a secret, that he had commenced to smoke opium and that his wife had persuaded him to it. While we were in Meshud, and Jassim near his wife, he could not leave off the pipe ; but on leaving Meshud, he ceased smoking opium immediately and threw the pipe and bottle away.

I travelled much over the frontier and saw much—probably more than any other European traveller in modern times—of the people, of the men and women, rich and poor, of Khorassan, and in no part of the world is opium more largely used. Men, women, and children use opium ; smoke or eat of the poppy juice and the seeds, but to help them to combat with the digestive disturbances—the malarial poisoning of the dank stream beds by which the population dwell. The dampness in some villages of Khorassan, even

in the summer, by the banks of the mountain streams, surpasses that of the moist Kokan Coast in the monsoon. At night the dew falls as heavily as rain in other countries. The people do not appear to have as much knowledge as in the Caucasus of the fever-poison of the valley.

The Khan of —— told me that he had attempted at one time to stop opium-eating and opium-smoking, and he said he had issued an order that any one known to be using opium would be imprisoned; but, as he said pleasantly, he had to withdraw the order, for he would have had to imprison all his subjects, commencing with his own family. Opium-smoking takes the manliness out of men said the Chief. A distinction—and a very important distinction it is—is drawn on the frontier between opium-eating and opium-smoking.

Opium-smoking is regarded as a vice, a habit inducing to laziness and carelessness in the affairs of this world, and mental indifference in religious duty, and, therefore, a vice that makes those who smoke "Beekar"—useless, as they say. Opium-eating in moderate quantities is looked on as a totally different habit from opium-smoking. It is not considered a habit always tending to injury, physical or spiritual, whereas opium-smoking is, and therefore condemned. In general opinion, this condemnation is not in any way connected with a prejudice against smoking and the mode of using opium, for the population generally smoke tobacco. Opium eaten in moderate quantities is regarded as a life sustainer and aliment to the aged and a preservative against fever. The distinction between the drug smoked and eaten will now be apparent. Inhaled, it is considered a mere intoxicant—something that alters the normal balance of the mind, for such is the Mussulman definition

of an intoxicant. Opium eaten in large quantities is considered as generally indicative of some serious disease or affliction rather than the gratification of pleasure, for they say those who seek "nisheh" seek the pipe. Of the numerous ladies I attended, I saw few young, and none advanced in years, who did not of themselves tell me that they eat opium in small quantities—about from 1 to 2 grs. each day of crude opium. And this admission was not a confession to be extracted after many questions. Information was given to me without any hesitation, and without any feeling, that the use of opium in moderation was wrong, or that shame attended its moderate use.

After Opium I will give you Hemp. The most usual effect of *bhang* is an extraordinary buoyancy of body, an ethereal lightness of body and spirits. The weariness and heaviness of living pass away; motion becomes delightful and pleasurable, because there is no weariness in it; the desire is to move, and while the body is so lightsome and tireless, for it is as if it would float through space and the limbs so light as if they would walk on the air—the mind is cheerful and working gaily. Thoughts pass rapidly, and sounds are heard close and so clearly. Voices of the past and present speak, and so distinctly that they are spoken to. The air is full of voices in converse, all gay and blithe. Pleasant gales laden with memories and thoughts blow freshly and pleasantly. To the distressed one hemp is as the gentle breeze on an evening, of parching, burning winds in the torrid East.

But as the gentle gale may increase to a storm, and the sky of summer brightness obscured by drifting clouds and darkness ominous of aërial strife—the mind, joyous from hemp, whether of "majun" or "bhang," may become

darkened, and anger clouds float past, and fierce storms and hatreds of rancorous memories arise and move. Woe, then, to the man who opposes the storm and provokes strife with the hemp worshipper.

Now appears, if it has not already appeared, one of the few unpleasant effects of hemp—a tingling sensation, a feeling as if ants were creeping up the limbs and over the arms—formication in a word. It is an irritating sensation, and if the hemp drinker is agitated by passions, it may excite a storm of frenzy. This is the unhappy feeling—in the happiness from hemp; it is not the unpleasantness of the sensation that is to be dreaded, it is the danger from any irritation that may arouse anger in the hemp reveller, which is to be apprehended, and hence a symposium of hemp revellers is to be avoided by the peace-loving. When excitement has passed away and the storm has ceased, it will be asked what is the condition of the votary who has been drunk with the intoxication of hemp? Well! you who have seen the effects of alcoholic liquors will imagine, as some writers have foolishly imagined, the bhang drinker, the ganja smoker, or the hashish or majun eater after wild excitement and mad dreams—to be shattered in health, depressed and broken in spirits, and utterly cast down, as the inebriate on ardent spirits and wine is punished; for is it not intoxication, and, think you, is not excitement followed by depression? Does not the great law over hemp delights hold good—the law of retribution? Then let me affirm and assure those who are only acquainted with the stimulating effects of stimulating drinks in the West that, instead of finding the lover of hemp ill and distressed in mind and body and weary after a debauch, you see one awaking as after a long and refreshing sleep, fresh and

active in mind and body, in keen enjoyment of life, and eager for food. This appetite is most curious.

The desire for food after hemp is not merely a sensation indicating irritation of the stomach; it is a genuine desire for food with increased power of assimilation. Think of this, all consumers of wine and sufferers from ardent spirits. The hemp votary, after a night's debauch, if he has avoided ardent spirits and opium, is as a man mightily refreshed.

Opium may make people injure themselves, but strong drink may make people, not only injure themselves, but injure others. This is the great difference outwardly. The great difference inwardly is that opium may do little harm to those who use it much, whereas strong drink may and often does. I have seen two boys under 12 years sent to a penitentiary to be cured of the habit of opium—one, because he stole to buy opium, was sent by a Magistrate; the other, because he had become too fond of opium, was sent by his father. Both had been cured and looked perfectly healthy. The boy who had been sent by his father had been eating large quantities of opium and smoking opium too for some two years, and yet he had not suffered in body. My experience is—and I have tried myself both opium and hemp while ill with fever—that it is to many people more easy to give over eating opium or hemp than smoking tobacco.

If we were to believe all that has been written of Central Asia by modern British travellers, we could only suppose that Britons of the present know less about the people of Asia than the adventurous Britons who in the past carried British prestige throughout Asia. But it is not altogether so. It must be that the modern traveller writes for modern English opinion. One cannot read

the despatches of the Duke of Wellington without being impressed with the knowledge which that great leader, or the people around him, had of the East and without observing how much greater that knowledge was than the knowledge of any writer of recent years. The Duke of Wellington recognized one great character of the people of the East—that they judge of a Government by the material comforts which they have. We know the striking and true proverb on this side of India—"Any punishment is better than starvation."

I doubt very much whether any of the warrior races, Turk or Kurd, in Mid or North Asia, will ever be reconciled to any European rule. It is the same with the warrior Arab races in Africa, and it is the same with the fighting races on the Indian frontier. It might as well be expected that Englishmen would be reconciled to feudalism as that these free races would submit to rigid European government. These free and martial races regard the formalities and distinctions of organized government such as we have in Europe, and especially in Western Europe, a merciless despotism. I often used to ask Turkoman when I met them who their Chief was, and they always put their hands on their cumurbunds and replied "We are all Chiefs." Further in amongst the settled population I have heard Kurd Chiefs say, "We are supposed to be the Chiefs, but we are all 'Bendeh-i-khuda,' slaves of God." There is little or no sense of social inequality amongst these races even in communities, and hence the distinctions created by European Governments are to them intolerable. The Turkoman have no sense of social difference. The only advantage of wealth amongst them is to distribute it in hospitality to those who have not. There is the most

perfect equality with profound respect for the aged, the wise or the pious. There is liberty without license, for there is reverence for the written law, the religious law—for the unwritten law, the law of custom—the voice of the elders, the "Ak-Sukul," the white beard, and there is complete obedience to elected leaders without fear of them. Wealth has not arrogance, nor has poverty degradation. If a man is rich, it is his "kismet;" he deserves no praise. If he is poor, it is also his "kismet;" he deserves no blame.

It interested me to inquire whether amongst a people so democratic there was any idea of community of goods, but I was surprised to find that there was not; on the contrary, there is a religious respect for individual possessions, and even an awe of individual rights in property; for instance, goods belonging to the dead are scrupulously accounted for, and a man dying in debt, his last thoughts are to discharge his obligations.

The Turk races throughout Asia have never lost this idea of equality or, as we call it, democratic spirit. We may forget that the Turks of Europe are still a very democratic people and probably one of the most democratic, if not the most democratic, people in Europe.

The state of society in the cities and settled communities inside the frontier is very much like the ideal society described by Ruskin.

As one travels amongst the nomad races one perceives the great force of religious enthusiasm—one perceives that the sublime power of religious fervour may be aroused when the man whom the people believe God has sent—the God-sent one—has come. There never has been any great movement in the East except under religious inspiration, except when a man, as the people think, God inspired—a

miracle worker—has come. British writers for instance assume that the rising in the Sudan was due to the hatred of the rule of the Turks. I have come to the conclusion that it was due to the peace from Turk rule—the increase of population—the coming, as the people thought, of a God-inspired man. Had there been British rule in the Sudan, the result would have been the same. From the time of Atilla to Chengkhis it has been the same—great movements of population inspired and directed by God-sent leaders as the people thought. When the time comes, be it in Turkistan or on the Afghan frontier of India or in Egypt, the moment a man appears whom the warrior races believe to be God-sent, there will be revolution.

North of India up to the Caspian allegiance to Governments depends more on the disposition of the religious leaders than on the officials.

The Governments north of India may be described as Democracies directed by absolute rulers and swayed by religious leaders. The feelings of the people further north than India—whether in Persia or in Afghanistan—towards their rulers are not the feelings of Englishmen towards their Sovereign, but rather the feeling of the people of the South-American Republics towards their Presidents.

The Moolahs stand forth as champions to defend the rights of the people against the king or officials or tribal chiefs. His Majesty the Shah has much power, and yet he has little power. In many matters a Persian official has less power than a British official. He dare not oppose the popular will when supported by the religious law for the simple reason that no one would help him.

I saw in Meshud a popular tumult inflamed by religious fervour. For three days bread was not sold, but we,

being strangers, received bread. And what was the cause of the tumult? Simply a new tax on property.

Officials in Persia and in Afghanistan, when opposed by the people headed by the pious leaders, must either go with the people or be left alone. The result is that the poor have enormous power, and the tendency of these autocratic Governments is to give power to the poor. We see what is not unknown in India the tyranny of the poor. For instance, in Europe every amusement which amuses the poor, but interferes with the opulent, is suppressed; in India it is encouraged.

No man in the East dare come forward and propose that the music and drumming and singing of the poor should be prevented because the rest of the opulent was disturbed. In the City of Bombay—here, we know the noise, at seasons all night, which keeps you awake. Amongst the fighting races there are always fanatics as we call them ready to kill or to be killed in a religious or social dispute. Beyond India wealth does not give the predominant influence which it does in India, and, as we know, wealth does not give the same influence in India as in Europe.

The great difficulty in the states North of India is to exact obedience from the people. These free races have not been educated by centuries of discipline or servitude to obey the laws. The discipline which a European submits to would be intolerable to these free races.

The village people on the Khorassan Frontier do not believe that trade with the Russians has all the advantages that would be expected. Near Khelat-i-Nadiri, whence a quantity of timber had been sold to Russians, the effect of the trade had been, not to enrich, but rather to injure the country; for instance they said "Our country

has been denuded, the trees have gone, and the money which came for the trees has been spent and has also gone." They generally believe that the interests of the people who trade from Europe are opposed to the interests of the people who trade from Persia. They say that goods from Europe are imported and the producers of goods in Persia injured. This idea, is not unknown in India, that Europe is in some way benefited and their own country in some way injured. The recent ebullition of feeling against the concession given to a company to trade in tobacco is but an expression of the general feeling amongst the poorer classes ; and this feeling has been greatly incensed by the writings of the British Press. A month before the popular ferment was telegraphed from Europe, it was known in Bombay that the concession would have to be withdrawn, for the most revered authority had declared all who served the Company or all who used the tobacco to be unclean. It is difficult to realize the ill feeling that has been caused by British writers, for remember, every word in condemnation of, or that can offend Persia or Persians or Muslimin is translated and circulated through Persian newspapers. There has been a great change in Central Asia through the introduction of Persian newspapers. Everything of importance in Europe is known and discussed. Every man knows how many soldiers there are in England.

I have heard some people who lived both in Persia and in Europe say that the poorer people in Persia had a far stronger idea of their rights than the poorer people in Europe. They care little about forms of government, but they care a great deal about abundance of food, direct access to the highest officials, and speedy justice.

It may astonish many here when I say that Persia is one of the freest countries in the world. There is more liberty of speech in Persia than in Europe. A man may abuse all but religion and women. If one wants to see a poor woman treated with respect, go to Persia or to Turkey.

One curious disposition is how little the peoples north of India are impressed by the vast numbers of our great Empire in the East. We imagine that the prestige from Empire in India has impressed the people of the North with our might. It has not. They are only impressed, as a Kurd chief once said to me, by the number of our soldiers. The prestige which our Empire in the East carries with it is the prestige of wealth. This is a prestige which awes only Afghans. This is one reason why the success of our administration in India now in peace is no indication of success in the time of a great war. One may on a globe point out to any of the Kurd or Turk chiefs to the North the vast extent of the British Empire, may discuss its great might, but towards the end of the conversation the question is sure to be, "How many soldiers have you," and the end of the conversation will probably be the remark—if Nadir, who was a great leader, but not one of the great leaders who have come from the North, entered India and with some 10,000 men took Delhi, it could not have been very difficult for the British. It is strange that the Frontier people to the North are not as much impressed by Indian troops as we would expect. We had as the escort of the Mission a magnificent body of men from India and the Indian Frontier—the Cavalry, chiefly Sikhs and Rajpoots, and the Infantry, chiefly Afridis ; fine men they were, and yet the Turkoman and the Frontier people did not seem to be impressed by their appearance.

The Turkoman liked our military saddle, except the stuffing; but the Kurd in the hills said our saddles, military or other, were useless for their hills.

Foolish stories have been circulated by English writers that the people amongst other places of Central Asia are impressed by the hardihood of European travellers. Let me say at once that a European traveller, travelling in the simplest way that a European traveller does with a small tent, food in tins, and servants, is doing nothing that favourably impresses the Turk and Kurd frontier people. To people who can travel without tents, with only a little bread, who can sleep anywhere and are happy, a European traveller is not only travelling in luxury, but his luxuries are effeminate. On the Khorassan Frontier, the impression produced by European travellers has not been a favourable one. I heard only one traveller—Major N——spoken respectfully of, and another traveller spoken kindly of. There is nothing that a European traveller can do in travelling that a Turk or Kurd cannot do, and, besides, think nothing of it. If a Euopean traveller wishes to impress these Frontier people, he must do something more than ride a number of miles. This all these people can do, and more, and think nothing of it or of themselves. He must bear cheerfully with little food, and he must share cheerfully his food with his own people and with any traveller he meets.

Travellers must remember that the men north—of Turk, Kurd or Arab blood, not only regard themselves, but are regarded by all of the other races, as not inferior either to Russians, or to Englishmen. In the cities, either on the Indian Frontier, or in Persia, or in Egypt, the pedlars who come to sell their wares flatter European travellers. One

artful way in which they do this is by pretending astonishment at all European articles the traveller may have. They know what the traveller likes to be told, and they say what they know will please Europeans to sell their wares. For instance, whether we are in power in Afghanistan or in Egypt, there is the other class of courtiers who live on whoever may be in power, and live on flattering the race in power. We know that during the last war in Afghanistan, while the Afghans who were attached to us, or as they were called, loyal, were talking of the gratitude of the Afghans to the British Government for having taken their country and the admiration of Afghans for British rule, the Afghan people, who fight, were preparing to attack us, and were being roused to furious enthusiasm by saintly preachers. The Russians know this too well and do not consider it worth while spending money on Afghans. I see from time to time in the Press most foolish and dangerous ideas circulated about the Arabs, and I have no doubt these ideas could be traced to the flattering of some pedlars or courtiers—in Cairo. These ideas are only as foolish as the idea of a good man some years ago at a meeting of missionaries—all good men, anxious for the good of others, assembled in London, that the only obstacle to the conversion of the Turks (of all people in the world) was the use of intoxicating drinks by Europeans. If there are teetotallers here, as I hope there are, I am sorry to inform them that the only habit which the fighting races between Afghanistan and the Caspian have, which can be considered a vice, is the use of strong drinks. All these warrior races consider the use of strong drink, although in excess sinful, a manful habit, for which there is excuse; whereas they

consider the smoking—remember, smoking, not eating—of opium—a vice, a pitiful vice—that makes men "beekar" (useless)—takes the manfulness out of human beings.

There is a feeling now amongst Afghans which Afghans tell you, with blunt frankness, that Englishmen do not now respect them as Englishmen once did. I remember a breakfast at which there were Afghan notables who had been our friends, and who had not only lost much, but risked their lives to help us. One of them said, "We do not know how it is, but in each war the Afghans are more hostile to you. In the first war they did not kill all the Englishmen, they made prisoners. In the last war they did." I reminded them of the proclamation of General Roberts on the occupation of Kabul and that women were respected and property protected. They said it was perfectly true—that the Afghans had no complaint against our soldiers, who behaved admirably. In fact, all Afghans say the conduct of our soldiers was admirable. "Why," said I, "should the Afghans have been more hostile to us in the last war than in the first war—women were respected, the people were not molested, justice was done through Afghans, money was lavishly spent?" An Afghan who was present gave a very curious reply in a somewhat bitter tone. "Even a dog," said he, "requires a little affection." It merely means that Afghans do not consider that Englishmen understand them now as well as Englishmen in the past. There is no doubt that justice has not been done to the Englishmen who were in Afghanistan in the first war. With the experience of events in the last war, the opinions on the causes of the first war have not always been just. There is the plain fact that in the last war all that was supposed to have roused

the Afghans in the first war when Englishmen were in Afghanistan was avoided, and yet in the last war the Afghans were more hostile than in the first war. Afghans even till now speak well of the Englishmen who were in Afghanistan in the first war.

The difference between Europeans in the past and in the present, they say, is, that the Europeans of former days generally thought of what they knew would please Afghans, whereas the Europeans of these days do what they know will please Europeans.

I may here chronicle an interesting episode illustrating a fine trait in Ameer Abdul Rahman's character. When the Ameer Saheb was last in Turkistan, he went to see the tomb of an Englishman who was made a prisoner during the first war, became a Mussalman and remained and died in Afghanistan with the Afghans rather than return. The memory of this Englishman is greatly regarded, and the Ameer went a long way to visit and to do honour to the tomb, and he gave directions for the reconstruction of the tomb.

There has been a great change of opinion towards England in Central Asia. That change of opinion, the older men say, commenced from the last war between the Russians and the Turks. Up to that time the British were more popular than the Russians. Since that time the British as a nation are less popular than the Russ, although individual Britons are more liked than men of other races. The popular impression that the British system of Government is considered North of India a good one and the Russian a bad one is less true now if it is true at all than in the past. It is well to see ourselves as others do, and I must therefore say that the popular British opinion of

the Russians is, as nearly as possible, the popular opinion from India to the Caspian of the British.

The liberty which we so much value is not regarded as we regard it, nor is our Parliamentary system of Government much esteemed. Some people from the North who have lived in England consider the British idea of liberty as imperfect and a liberty of speech rather than a liberty of man. I have met some who thought our Parliamentary system was not a Government of the people, but a Government of classes who had taken from the Sovereign the power which the Sovereign ought to use for the people. While there is little admiration for our Parliamentary system, little but condemnation is heard of our Parliamentary debates. The debates in Parliament reported in Persian newspapers have produced a very unfavourable impression of the wisdom of our system of Government and have injured Biritish prestige. The fighting races North do not regard it as an indication of wisdom—the discussion in public of serious matters. These Northern people believe that the sword ultimately decides, for there is the saying of the Prophet—"in the shadow of the sword is Paradise."

The great change that has come over popular opinion between India and the Caspian towards the British Government has been caused by the writing and talking of our own countrymen. All written by British writers hostile to Islam or offensive to Muslimin is translated into Persian newspapers and circulated. There is great bitterness on account of the attacks of some British writers and speakers on Islam. It was difficult to hear and not to resent the contemptuous language in which one illustrious Englishman was always spoken of. There is no English name

so well known in Asia as Mr. Gladstone, or as the people call him Mons. Gladstone, and none so little liked. It was often difficult to continue a conversation when Mr. Gladstone was spoken of; not only was it painful, but it was difficult to be patient when one heard a great Englishman described as the man "who runs away." It seemed to me that everything that could excite the people against our country and against British influence had been translated widely into Persian. I have never while on the frontier been in a meeting in which the British Government was referred to that I have not been asked—"Why are the people of Ireland so dissatisfied with the British Government," and when I have tried to explain that there was no cause for dissatisfaction, the reply invariably has been, "There must be a cause" (Subub-mishwud). The fact is that, although Britons understand the speeches of Irishmen on Irish wrongs and English oppression, the people of the North think that the British are as ruthless in Ireland as Timur was in Asia, and you cannot persuade the people that it is not so. When I have told people that, notwithstanding all the writing and talking of disturbances in Ireland, more men were killed in one village riot in India than in a whole year in all Ireland, they did not believe me.

The Russians have conciliated many of the religious leaders—the real leaders—in Persia, and hence a generally favourable opinion of the Russian Government, although the Russian Government treat with contempt the feelings of Mussulman when these feelings oppose the State policy and although none amongst Russians have the sympathy with Muslimin and the admiration for El-Islam that many Englishmen have. The reason is this—the Russian

Government do not permit the abuse of religion, and in the Caucasus any Russian who abused the religion or the customs of the people would be looked on by the Government and by the people as a dangerous lunatic, to be treated as dangerous.

Men hostile to the British Government have been circulating throughout Central Asia rumours unfavourable to us. The rumours which are most widely circulated are that the British Government is a proselytising Government, intolerant in religion, and that India is becoming poorer under British rule. When the Indian officers from the Afghan Mission went to Meshud, these were the features of our rule on which people questioned them. I remember one of our officers telling me how he silenced a Persian in the Russian service who questioned him about British rule. "I told him," he said, "of the pay I received and of the pension I expected and he was silent."

The philanthropic and generous efforts of the British people to free other peoples are not regarded as Britons regard them. I am sorry to say, but I must say it, whether it is the efforts of the British people to free the races who are made slaves, or, to save the people who use opium from opium, or, to rescue people from other thraldom and evil customs, all these efforts are regarded as the amusements of a wealthy people—a people too wealthy. The people of England,—mind you in England, for the people North draw a distinction between Britons who live all their lives in England and the Britons who live in India, and any frontier Chief will tell you that he can tell without inquiring the Englishmen who have lived many years in India from the Englishmen who have been all their lives in England,—are described to be in that dreamy state

which people after too much rich food sink into and which they describe as "Seer shudeh" (satiated), or as the Turks say "Keif deh." All our benevolent schemes are ascribed to this condition ; if I have heard this once, I have heard it hundreds of times.

The attempts made by the British Government to suppress the slave trade have also prejudiced the people. The educated classes think that the suppression of slavery is an amusement of a wealthy people and gives employment to Englishmen ; the masses think that the object is proselytism. By none are British attempts to suppress the slave trade ascribed to noble motives. The slaves who have been liberated by us often become the most hostile to us. Once in India, while talking to an Abyssinian who had been a slave to a Persian and become rich as a slave and the heir to his master about his history, he said, "if your Government could, they would have prevented me from being prosperous. Had I been liberated, I should have been, as many others liberated, now begging." The present Chief of the Afghan Army was a *slave*. Well for him he was a slave in Muslim country. Slavery has not yet been prevented in India.

The opinion which the British have of the people under Russian rule is the opinion which the Russians have of the people under British rule. Both Britons and Russians deceive themselves.

The erroneous opinions which Russian writers have of India often amuse and sometimes astonish us. But it must also be admitted that the erroneous opinions which British writers have of the Russian Government and of the frontiers of Russia also amuse and astonish the Russians. There is a good explanation, and it is this. Every little disturbance on the Indian frontier is telegraphed to

Russia as a disturbance in India ; if there is a raid for heads away in far Lushai land, it is described as a bloody massacre in India. For the Russian writer, Lushai land is as much in the heart of India as Punah. The result is that India is believed popularly in Russia to be in the same state in which Englishmen believe Armenia to be in. It is very amusing, but it may have a serious effect in great national ferments and rivalries of peoples. All this information is circulated through Persian papers throughout Asia, but I must say that the average Persian has a much better knowledge of India than the average Russian.

As our Afghan alliance has a direct connection with British trade beyond India, I may say a few words about that alliance. A few plain words seem necessary. There is much misconception as to what the Afghan alliance is. There is no alliance between the Afghan people and the British people, and I am afraid there never can be. If I have heard once, I have heard in words of blunt frankness hundreds of times from Afghans, *there can never be between you and us friendship.* The feeling of Afghans towards either Russians or Britons is one of intense hatred, even loathing.

It must be remembered that the Afghans never amalgamate with other races ; for instance, in Mecca they remain Afghans apart from Arabs and they do not amalgamate with the Arab population as the Turks. In Turkistan it is the same—the Afghans remain a people apart, disliked and despised by all races, especially by the people of Turk or Kurd blood. The only people in Asia who have a good opinion of the Afghans are the British. So long as the Afghans are our allies we can have few other allies around Afghanistan.

The Afghan alliance keeps back other races in Asia from us. The Turkoman, when we first went to the

Murgab, said we will have you or we will have the Russ, but we will never have the Afghan. The Afghans are not merely physically inferior, but they are mentally inferior to the Northern races—Turk or Kurd. What a Turk or Kurd readily comprehends, an Afghan cannot understand, and the judgment of the Afghan is influenced by that mental excitement which Britons call fanaticism, "ghazeeism," and ,which the Northern races call "Deewanagi" (madness). A Kurd said to me what I have heard from men of nearly every race in the North—a Turkoman is always a better man than he looks, an Afghan is always a worse one. The excitement in the Afghan character renders them incapable of any great deeds. The people of Central Asia, who have been fighting the Turkoman all their lives, whether Suni or Shia, say the Turkoman are "Khosh dil darud" (good fellows), but they say the Afghans are "Savages." It often struck me that the Persian soldier of the lowest rank has more intelligence than an Afghan Chief. Britons have been too much influenced by the Afghan dress and the Afghan swagger.

The position of the Ameer is one of great difficulty. Sufficient allowance is not made for his difficulties. He has not only to please the British, but, more difficult still, he has to please the Afghans. The Ameer is more a popular ruler than any ruler in Europe except His Majesty the Sultan. He is essentially a popular ruler, as one of Ayub's Generals said to me in Khorassan, "we may say what we like, but if Abdul Rahman was not a good ruler he would not be Ameer. You had more troops in Kabul than he has, and we know the result, and it will be the same with Abdul Rahman. As soon as he ceases to be popular he will either be killed or have to fly."

While the Ameer has to persuade the British that he is true to them, he has to convince the Afghan people directed by the Moolahs that he is true to them. Europeans mistake the courtesy of salutation in the East for reverence to their rulers. The Ameer, all men say, is true to friends and to the memory of friends. There is a great deal of misapprehension in regard to the character of the Ameer.

The Ameer, Abdool Rahman Khan is at heart, so those who know him and have closely observed his disposition say, a kind-hearted man, faithful and generous to those who are true to him. The difficulty of the Ameer's position is this—he must kill, if he is not to be killed, all who wish to kill him. "You are an extraordinary people," said an Afghan exile in Persia to me; "you think you can do what we cannot do—make Afghans obey." That the Ameer is an able man all his enemies admit. I will give an instance of the wisdom of the Ameer. There was once with him on a journey a traveller who had a knowledge of geology; crossing a water-way the Ameer, after some search, picked up some stones and took them to the traveller and asked his opinion. The man, wise in geology, with glasses examined them, and gave an opinion that they contained valuable minerals and he asked for some of them for further examination. The Ameer said nothing. Some months afterwards he had the stone pounded into a powder and he gave the powder to the same traveller, who at once said the powder was only lime. Said the Ameer, "I thought so from the first." An instance of another disposition. A man who had committed an offence for which the punishment is death was brought before the Ameer. The Ameer felt sorry for him. He asked him if he had committed the

offence. The man said he had, and that he threw himself on the feet of the Ameer for mercy. Three times, in the hope he would deny it, the Ameer asked him if he had committed the offence, but each time he confessed it. The Ameer afterwards said, that if he had only denied the offence he could have forgiven him. According to the customs of the Afghans, he, although Ameer, dare not forgive the offence and save the man. The offence was adultery. The Ameer has also a shrewd way of ascertaining the value of technical words used to him. When words are used, in giving him information, which he does not understand, he writes them down and the meaning given to them, and afterwards he has careful inquiries made as to their meaning. It is, therefore, not wise for people to give wrong information to the Ameer. In purchasing goods he follows the same system. He has samples taken and sent to different places for valuation. It is difficult to deceive him a second time.

Let me give from Afghanistan incidents popularly told of Asiatic rule—amongst a people unlike most people in Asia. The time is the Afghan Mission in Kabul. The Ameer is asked to give a private interview to the British Mission ; he refuses, because—"I have no secrets from the people, the interests of the people are my interests." Another scene—so it is reported—in open meeting: The Ameer asks the officers of the Mission to tell the British Parliament all that he has said and his views of the Russian advance and of the position, and he hopes that each one will tell Parliament what he knows and thinks. The Ameer is informed that such is not the British system, and that the Head of the Mission will communicate his words and his views. Replies the Ameer, "Do you tell me that

each of you cannot tell your Government what he thinks. Then all I can tell you is: your system is a bad one." Another scene—The people of a district came before the Ameer; they address the Ameer by his name—Abdool Rahman, Khan. "We come for justice; we have been oppressed and overtaxed by the Governor." They state their grievances. The Ameer sends for the Governor and the people. He is convinced that the Governor has oppressed the people. He asks him what he has to say in excuse. The Governor pleads long and faithful service, and throws himself on the mercy of the Ameer. The Ameer orders one ear of the Governor to be cut off and thrown amongst the people; then he orders the other ear to be cut off and thrown amongst the people; and the money of the Governor is given to the people. He asks the people "are you satisfied," and they say they are, and he tells them they may go away, and he tells the Governor he may go away. It may seem to us blood-thirsty cutting off the ears of a Governor, but justice is promptly done. The result is that there is more security of life on the Afghan side of the frontier than on the Indian side. The Ameer rules so long as he is popular, as one of Ayub's officers said to me; we may say what we like, "if the Ameer's rule was not good for the people, he would not be Ameer. You had more soldiers in Kabul than he has, and we know the result."

There is one thing that struck me very much in travelling round the frontier—the little sympathy that Russians have with the religion of the Mussulman and the little they know of Islam. You have, no doubt, observed in India how little different classes know of each other and how little they admire each other; how little different classes know

of the religious and the most sacred ideals of each other. I have often observed that Europeans brought up in India inquire less and know less of the peoples around them than Europeans who have only been a few years in India. The Russian officials have neither the knowledge of the religions and customs of other people nor the sympathy with them which Indian officials have. It is true that the Government treat Muslimin very tenderly in the Caucasus, for it is the policy of the Government, or of the Emperor, but the officials do not mix as freely with the people as officials in India.

I was also surprised to find how few of the officials could speak Turki or Persian. I did not meet a Russian official anywhere who could speak Persian as half a dozen British officers with the Afghan Mission could. But there are few men of any other race with whom Britons can be so friendly as with Russians. There is kind-heartedness, a true hospitality in the Russian disposition. There are few of any other European race with whom Englishmen can speak of their countries and rivalries without quarrelling as they can with Russians. The Russian soldier is a cheery, kindly man, a fine fellow, ready to do anything. It will surprise a traveller from Europe to observe how democratic the Russians around the frontier are, for the Russian people appear to be much more democratic than the British people.

But, then, my remarks on Russian officials in Asia are just as applicable to British officials outside India as to Russians. Outside India, British officials are more isolated from the people around them than British officials in India. They have perhaps too much writing, which may be the cause of their not associating freely with the

people. To a traveller who has lived in India, it is astonishing to hear how little many of our officials in Persia and beyond India associate with the people and how little they know of the religious functions and thoughts of the people they live amongst. Indian officials take an interest in the people around them and have a knowledge of the people and of the religious ideals which influence the many races in the Empire, which must not be expected from British officials beyond India.

On my way back to India I met a subordinate official in our service who had been employed not far from Constantinople, and I was much surprised to find that he knew less of the religious ideas and customs of Mussulman than an official in India would have considered it his duty to have known within as many months as that official had been years amongst Turks. For our agents, North of India, isolation is an easy way of avoiding disagreeable interviews. To conceal weariness at long purposeless interviews is not easy; it requires patience and good temper. A long "Mejlis" gives trouble, and to avoid interviews is to save trouble.

Let us now consider the organization of the Agencies of the two Empires approaching Afghanistan.

On examining the organic structure of the British and Russian systems, it will be observed that the systems have different purposes. In the Russian scheme of Government the individual is ruthlessly sacrificed to the interests of the State. The interests of the individual are not of so much importance as the interests of the State. In the British system it may be said that the interests of the individual are of as much importance as the interests of the State. In the treatment of officials, the same difference may be observed.

Britons look at the power which officials in Russia have, but Britons do not consider the punishment which officials may receive. If officials in an autocratic Government have much power, they are liable to great punishment.

The generous treatment of all who serve the British Government is, no doubt, due to the long prosperity which England has had and to the secure position of the British Isles. The same ruthless punishment which the Russians find necessary is not necessary in the British dominions. With a reverse in our prosperity, I am afraid the British may treat all who are unsuccessful in the service of the State as the Russians do and must do now. Many of our ideas come from success. The difference in the treatment of officials is very much the same as if, for instance, an Indian official who was unsuccessful was deported with his relations into the centre of Africa or to the Soudan, instead of being allowed to retire on the pension of his rank to his village.

In the Russian system success is the sole object. A Russian official has only to look to success; all means to success are good. The British official has not only to look to success, but he has to consider whether the means he adopts will be approved by what is called British public opinion or not; that is, he has to do not only what is expedient, but he has to do what others consider right.

Let us examine the working of the organic structure of the two Missions, the British Mission and the Russian Mission, which met to demarcate a frontier that can never be fixed. To a Russian Mission secrecy is necessary; to a British Mission publicity is safety. Had the officers of the Mission and the correspondents of the Press been allowed to write freely of the Russian advance and of the

approaching danger, the fight at Panjdeh would not, in all human probability, have occurred, nor would the fight have occurred if Sir West Ridgeway had been, as I wrote at the time, at Panjdeh.

It is only publicity which can give the British Government as much information of a British Mission as the Russian Government have of a Russian Mission.

This may seem strange, but the explanation is this. From a British Mission all information is communicated to Government through the head of the Mission: from a Russian Mission any one can give information secretly to the Government, and further be certain that the information will be kept secret, and will be read by the one most competent to consider it. This is a stern system—pitiless to the head of a Mission, pitiless to individuals, but, as I have said, the object of a Russian Mission is success, and the interests of the individuals are of no importance. This system has disadvantages as well as advantages, and the success of it depends on the certainty and severity of punishment in case of failure and the certainty of reward in case of success.

The result is that the relations between Russian officers are not so frank as between British officers. It is a system to which neither the people of England nor the people of India would submit.

An autocratic Government has also a great advantage in being able to select the most fit individual for any duty. The great advantage which the Russian government has over the British is in *the autocratic principle of Government*.

It may be well to glance shortly at the momentous results of the Afghan Boundary Mission; these results are not so well recognized here as they are further north

in India. One result we know is an increased expenditure, also an increasing preparedness for war, in all but increasing numbers of British soldiers. It is not necessary for me to refer to the letters I wrote from the camps by the Murgab and Gulran some months before the conflict at Panjdeh, apprehending the momentous results of the Russian advance to Panjdeh. These results appeared certain to all who were then near the Afghan Mission. The Afghans had from afar seen and watched the shadow of the Russian march. I must state that from the first the opinions of the Afghans and of the Turkoman in regard to the intention of the Russians always turned out to be true. I chiefly based my opinions on their views.

The results of the Afghan Mission have been disastrous to British prestige and to British interests, and yet it was not the fault of the Mission. No Mission better equipped or more carefully guarded ever left India.

The Russians have occupied the only two strategical lines in the Harri Rud, Kushk Rud, and Murgab Valleys. These lines run through Pul-i-Khatun and Pul-i-Khisti. I give an extract from a letter of mine at the time to the *Standard*, London, and to the *Times of India*. Ak Tepeh is the most important strategical point to the north of the range, defining the Herat Valley and separating it from the Kushk Rud and Murgab Valleys. The only other position of great importance is Maruchek ; but Maruchek is only of secondary importance. Its chief importance now is that it commands the road to Maimena and Balk.

Maruchek is capable of defence. On the left bank of the river is high ground, which might be defended. It must be clearly understood that the occupation of the district around Ak Tepeh means the occupation of the Kushk Rud and Murgab Valleys, of the passes leading from the Kushk

Rud Valley and from the Murgab Valley to the Herat Valley, and practically the occupation of the Herat Valley. With the occupation of the position around Ak Tepeh an advance along the difficult line of the Harri Rud on the Russian side into the Herat Valley becomes unnecessary. These valleys must be seen to understand the momentous significance of the Russian movement. Without ostensibly striking at Herat, they obtain the command of its rich and important valley. Unless the Russians retire, they can occupy, the moment it is necessary to them, the Herat Valley. With the occupation of the Kushk Rud and Murgab Valleys falls the country around Maimena and Balk.

The present advance signifies the final conquest of Central Asia by Russia—the solution of the Central Asian question in favour of Russia and the supremacy of Russia North of India. The Afghans knew well the desperate state of their affairs—the overwhelming danger that had come to them. They knew the value, the unbounded fertility of these valleys ; they had cherished hopes of an Afghan people settling in them, of an Afghan kingdom, greater than had arisen amidst the barren mountains of Afghanistan, growing up in new strength and vitality and developing amidst abundance. The Afghans knew that if these valleys were given to the Russians they would soon be filled with Russian people—with populations who must overflow into the Herat Valley—must crush out Afghan independence. Whether Afghan officials consent or yield, the Afghans as a people will never acquiesce. Should England yield to the spoliation, will danger to her empire be averted? Leisure will be but given to Russia to draw together.

Should England consent to the occupation of these valleys by Russia, is England prepared to hold the ranges—the mountain chains closing them on the south, stretching north-west and north-east from Herat? The only frontier of safety—of peace is the desert, the waste extending from Pul-i-Khatun to the Oxus. This advance will be of weighty importance to India. The increase of the Army in India cannot be deferred, and whatever Englishmen in India may think, the Government of India will soon have to be cast on new lines.

The demarcation of the Frontier, if it can be accomplished, except on paper, involves much nearer relations with Afghanistan than have existed before. It involves a readiness—a readiness on the part of England—to defend that frontier ; it involves a total loss of influence if England does not defend it. I am afraid no one but an Englishman in India believes that England will defend it.

The Mission was organized on a diplomacy which had not recognized the changes that had taken place in Central Asia and had not understood the significance of the Russian advance. The fault lay in the conception of the Mission. Had the Afghan Mission been a Mission to the Afghans, or to a State on the frontier or in Turkistan, it would have been a success ; but it was not a Mission to a small State anxious to please us, it was a Mission sent to meet the officers of a great Empire eager for an opportunity to attack or to humiliate us. It was the opportunity which the Russians sought—to show all Asia that they were not afraid of us, that was given to them and which they took.

What has been the result of the Afghan Mission? The result has been—the Russians have advanced close to Herat, have taken a large portion of Turkistan, have destroyed the

prestige which adventurous Britons in the previous fifty years had created for Britain, have shaken the confidence of the fighting races not only in Central Asia, but in Asia in British sagacity, have nearly as completely turned the British position in India as if the sea had receded between England and France, and have settled the Central Asian question in favour of Russia, for the Central Asian question disappeared with the sound of the Russian guns at Panjdeh, and as the Afghans reproached us, "if you had not come, this would not have happened." Englishmen do not, as the people in the East, understand the greatness of the disaster at Panjdeh to British prestige. It is considered the greatest disaster that has befallen Britain since the occupation of India. Up to Panjdeh the British were considered, though the British army was smaller than the Russian, to be stronger than the Russians, and the British were considered to be wiser, and in all events the British were credited with a mysterious sagacity. The fight at Panjdeh sent a great thrill throughout Asia. For the first time the people of Asia saw that the Russians were not afraid of the British, for up to that time there was a general idea that the Russians were afraid of the British.

The general impression far North in Asia is that the Chinese will last longer than either the Russians or the British, and that the Turks and Kurds will again have their time.

The appointments of the Mission, the circumstance, and the fine soldiers and guards around it were calculated to impress the Afghans, but not men of the North. Magnificent as the appointments were and fine as the soldiers of the escort, they had little impression on the shrewd northern races. They wished to know the number of British

soldiers in India. It must be remembered that the races north of India are never impressed by Indian soldiers. It is never prudent to enter into conversation with Persian soldiers, especially, about the Indian army, for they will express opinions that it is difficult to avoid taking offence at. I remember a Persian officer once expressing a most offensive opinion before an Indian officer and myself. The other Indian Officer, however, was equal to the Persian, for he reminded the Persian that Indian soldiers were more than a match for Persians at Khushab.

Had there been as many soldiers in England to support the Mission as there were in Russia to carry the Russian policy, the policy of the Mission would have been justified. The conception of the Afghan Mission was the fruit of a frontier policy supported by words and not by the sword, or —to use the words of the Turkoman—"empty talk." You talk much, they used to say in England.

The result of the Afghan Mission was—Panjdeh, the advance of the Russians to near Herat, and in short in a few months all that would not have occurred for years—the advance of the Russians within Afghan territory. In fact in recent years the reply to every British move has been a Russian move of greater completeness. The reply to the Afghan Mission was Panjdeh, and practically the domination of the Herat Valley, for Herat is now only an Afghan city so long as Britain will fight for it, and the settlement of the Central Asian question in favour of Russia. The reply to the "opening" of the Karun River, which merchants in India say is less open than ever, was the formation of a Russian agency in Meshud and the improvement of roads to Khorassan. These are the broad results which are apparent to every one in Asia except

Englishmen of diplomacy with a small army. Had it been a Mission to a small State in Asia afraid of the British, it would have been a success, but as it was a Mission to the Russians—eager from the first to treat the Mission with disrespect, to show the people of Asia that they were not afraid of the British—the magnificence of the Afghan Mission only increased the failure.

The organization of the Afghan Mission for collecting information was defective. It may be said that the only members of the Mission who came into direct contact with the people were the medical officers. Information was collected through Afghan assistants or attachés. This is the same system that is generally arising in India through the isolation of the highest officials—communication through middlemen with the people. It is a most dangerous system. However loyal and good the attachés may be, we know that there is a natural tendency in human nature in a subordinate position to please those from whom favours are expected, to give that information which is expected, and to keep back that intelligence which is displeasing. If there are attachés, they must make work to show that they are useful. There is the further objection that Afghans in our service are intensely disliked by the Afghans. Besides, the people, knowing that the Afghan attachés have relations in their country, will not speak to them as freely as they will to Englishmen. There are so many Englishmen who understand Persian and Pushtu that communication ought only to be carried on through Englishmen. In fact, placing Afghans in the position of intermediaries around a British Mission in communication with Afghans is neither just to the Afghans nor to the British Government. It is extremely troublesome to Englishmen to carry on those communications

which in a Mission, such as the Afghan, are carried on by Afghan subordinates. But, however tiresome, they ought to be carried on by Englishmen, otherwise there can be no advantage from a Mission, and communication might as well be carried on from India. British Missions, such as the Afghan Mission, *do not and cannot conciliate the people ;* they only conciliate officials.

At Tiflis, I heard how poor O'Donovan had loved and lost his heart, but not his honour. In the Caucasus, the Russians tell many stories of O'Donovan ; but extraordinary as they are, they are less extraordinary than the astonishing stories that the Khan of Kuchan or the Khan of Bujnurd can tell of the gallant Irishman.

In the Bala Murgab we heard of O'Donovan; and on the north-east frontier I heard much of him, and, curiously enough, both in Kuchan and Bujnurd they knew of his death. At the Bala Murgab camp, some Turkoman from Merv appeared and claimed to be in the service of the British Government represented by O'Donovan, and to have been enrolled by him in the British service, and they produced, to our amazement, horses with the letters V. R. branded on their hoofs, but, curiously enough, the V. R. was turned upside down; the Turkoman and their faded chogas—the faded uniform of O'Donovan, and the V. R. upside down made us think tenderly of poor O'Donovan. I do not know whether the V. R. upside down was intended by O'Donovan as a jest in bitterness of heart on our policy in Central Asia, for that bitterness of heart comes over all, who have been in Turkistan and who have seen the effect of our policy and how a rich country has passed away for ever from our control. O'Donovan would be amused if he were alive and heard

how the frontier Chiefs and people speak of him ; they all speak of O'Donovan as having been a clever British spy, and his eccentricity, they believe, was merely acting. The idea of O'Donovan having been a spy is amusing, but it is an idea that not only the Persians, but the frontier people cannot be persuaded out of. Considering the poor linguist O'Donovan was, his journey and letters are most remarkable ; it seems extraordinary hearing of the difficulties that surrounded him, how he collected as much information as he did ; they told me that he did not understand Persian and spoke only a few words of Turki and that he had difficulty in understanding his interpreter. Difficulties only sharpen the observation of a brave traveller.

The nearer one goes to Europe, the more one sees the worship of sensuousness—from the theatre to the church the worship of sensuousness.

If the Railway service in Russia is not so quick as in India, it is more comfortable for the poor people. Third class passengers travel in more comfort than in India. The trains are constructed so that a passenger can pass from one carriage to another while the train is in motion. The sanitary arrangements in the third class carriages are better than in the second class carriages in India. One reason may be that most Europeans in India travel first class. Whether at the railway stations or in the trains, one may observe that greater attention is given in Russia than in India, or even in England, by the Railway officials to the comfort of third class passengers. The much stricter discipline in a Russian train strikes one from India. There are no boy ticket collectors ; there are no youthful officials breaking in the exuberance of youth rules which they are supposed to deter others from breaking. Crossing the

Caspian, it will be observed that security of life and property on the Russian side is not so certain as on the Persian side. In fact the Persians can maintain order in a way neither the Russians nor the British could.

In Baku and Tiflis life is a little more secure than in Peshawur.

In a great storm I marched from Astrabad to Bunder Gez. My animals were scattered, and a mule carrying the box in which my pass-port was disappeared for some days. A steamer came, and although the British Consul vouched for me, the Captain could not take me. He said—that if he did take me, it would not help me, I would be sent back, and he would be punished. The result was I had to remain ten days in Bunder Gez, which is so feverish that most of the people do not sleep there at night, but fly from the place to higher land. The people are so feeble from fever, that they cannot digest the ordinary Persian bread; they use bread like a wafer, so thin and white. Here I saw a population which reminded me of,the most feverish tracts of India. The people are darker than the Persian races inland.

It horrified me early one morning in the train from Baku to see beautiful ladies, gentle cannibals, tearing live shrimps limb from limb, but this they did. At the stations baskets of live shrimps were brought, and ladies, having selected them, put them in paper parcels or in handkerchiefs on their knees and commenced to tear the shrimps, wriggling in their hands, in pieces and eat them. Curiously enough, none of the men touched them.

It is amazing to observe how little the Christian Levantines know of the ceremonies or of the places of worship of their Mussulman neighbours. I went with a Levantine to see a religious function of the Dervishes—the disciples of

Shems-i-Tebreez, to which order of Dervishes, Europeans have applied the extraordinary title of "Dancing Dervishes."

This Levantine did not know anything of the Dervishes, of their origin, of their ceremonies, or of their discipline, and although Huzrut Shems-i-Tebreez was written on the walls above the Dervishes and before his eyes, he had never had the curiosity to inquire what the writing meant. I saw some tourists at the exercise, and I thought how that the Mussulman of India or of Persia would not be so indulgent to curious Christians as the Turk of Europe. There are many places in British India where Christians would not be permitted to see such a religious exercise as all Christians are permitted and invited to see at Constantinople. It appeared to me extraordinary, coming as I did from India and Persia, that the Turks permitted strangers to enter so freely the Mosques, with impudent and thoughtless guides, regardless of Mussulman feeling. In India, even in the City of Bombay, Muslimin would not generally allow Christians to rush over Mosques with guides and guide books as the Turks permit Christians to do in Constantinople. The conduct of some of these guides and interpreters is outrageous ; you can hear them while people are at prayers, talking and describing in a loud voice the buildings and the people. The Turks are the most courteous and tolerant people in the world. In Khorassan, short work would be made of any traveller dressed as a Christian who attempted to force his way into a Mosque.

The merits of Eastern and Western rule were once summed up by a European, who had lived long in Bagdad—If I was rich, he said, I should prefer being the subject of a Christian Government; if I was poor, I should prefer being the subject of the Sultan.

European writers charge some of the Russians, and the people of the East generally, with uncleanliness, chiefly because they do not wash their faces in basins. This impression is an instance of how people may form wrong impressions, and become accustomed to habits, without knowing or feeling that they are dirty, and without understanding how these habits appear to people not accustomed to them.

We, like the Russians, have a wrong idea of the value of the decorations we give to the Frontier tribes in our service. Decorations no more conciliate people on the Russian side than on the British. On the Russian as on the British side, once men of the Frontier tribes return to their villages, they hide their decorations, for *they dare not* wear them.

I do not want to help the race of book-makers, or I should give the exact words used by the Frontier people in describing British and Russian goods. The words mean—British goods are good, and Russian goods are bad. My antipathy to book-makers is not without cause. One modern traveller illustrates his book with a section, which, he thought, he had made himself, of the mountain road across the Caucasus, while this section can be bought in any hotel in Tiflis and may be seen in hotel cases.

The prestige that now remains to England in Asia, North of India, is the prestige of British goods.

In the Caucasus, if they want to recommend steel, they call it Sheffield.

I cannot conclude my journey better than by giving you the opinion of an Arab from the Soudan on the British Government in Egypt; that opinion is as true of the British side as it is of the Russian side of the Afghan frontier. He said, "the poor have been oppressed and will be more oppressed, the people who trade and who grow rich are pleased, but, as for us, we shall never be satisfied till we are in your place."

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